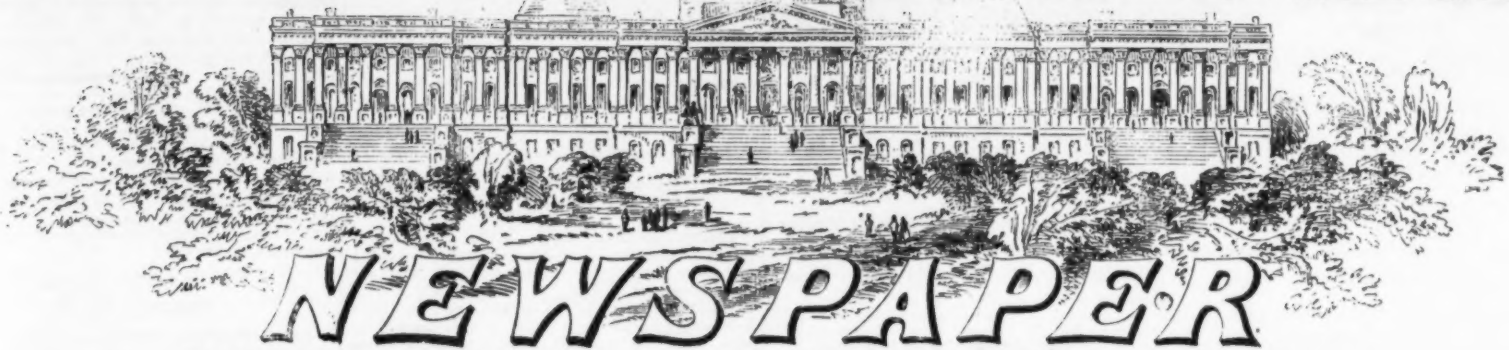


THE REISSUE OF

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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NEW YORK, OCTOBER 10, 1863.

[PRICE 8 CENTS.]

SOUTHERN LADIES DRAWING RATIONS.

THE investment of Vicksburg, with the successes of Grant prior to the siege and his final triumph, produced strange scenes among the inhabi-

tants of the banks of the Mississippi. The contending armies had swept away everything for their support, and constant hostilities had in certain districts made cultivation impossible. The planters and their families came to the Commissioners of the Govern-

ment that they hated and scorned to draw rations for their support. The scene was often a strange one. Ladies, with all that fierce hate of their country and Chief Magistrate which has become a new Southern virtue; ladies, full of hate to those from whom they

asked favors, came to ask for food, while they prayed for the destruction of those that supplied them. Our Artist presents one of these picturesque scenes, where the ladies of the South, forced to do what slaves had of old performed, come to get their allowance.]



THE WAR ON THE MISSISSIPPI—SOUTHERN LADIES COMING TO THE UNITED STATES COMMISSARIAT FOR PROVISIONS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, FRANK S. SCHMIDT.

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NEW YORK, OCTOBER 10, 1863.

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LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER will be
happy to receive a few first-class original
tales.

Summary of the Week.

GEORGIA.

The success of the rebels at the Chica-
mauga was overrated when our last appeared.
On Sunday night, after a desperate renewal
of the battle, Gen. Thomas fell back to Ross-
ville, and Gen. Rosecrans, on Monday, after
repulsing the last rebel attack, concentrated
all his forces at Chattanooga, to defeat the
enemy's attempt to get in his rear.The rebel accounts admit a terrible loss,
5,000 men, including Maj.-Gens. Hood and
Cleburn, wounded; and three Brig.-Gens.,
Preston Smith, Helm and Dehler, and, it is
said, Wofford and Walthall killed; and Brig-
Gens. Adams, Brown, Gregg and Benning
wounded. They make no claim of victory, as
Rosecrans, they say, still confronts Bragg,
and has been heavily reinforced.Our heaviest loss was that of the gallant
Gen. Lytle, who has fought so bravely from
the outset of the war. Our whole loss is
1,200 killed, 7,000 wounded, and 2,500 prison-
ers. The loss of the enemy more in killed
and wounded, but about the same in prison-
ers. We, however, lost 50 pieces of artill-
ery.Gen. Rosecrans is in no danger, and Gen.
Burnside had reached a point where he can
prevent any flanking movement of the rebels.
Gen. Hooker, it is said, is to assume com-
mand of his army in future.

LOUISIANA.

Gen. Herron has cleared the country be-
tween Red river and Port Hudson of guerrillas,
who had been firing on our transports, and
driving Gen. Green west of the Atchafalaya,
with heavy loss.

INDIAN TERRITORY.

Col. Cloud, with a battalion of the 2d
Kansas cavalry, 500 strong, attacked Gen.
Cabell, 2,000 strong, in his defences between
Perryville and Fort Smith, and routed him.
On the 9th he defeated another rebel force at
Dardanelle, capturing their camp and stores.

TENNESSEE.

The rebels, on the 9th Sept., attacked a
small Union force of 300 men at Telford, East
Tennessee, and compelled them to surrender.
Gen. Sam Jones, of the rebel army, lately
operating in Virginia, was attacked on the
20th at Zollicoffer by a force of Union cavalry,
whom he claims to have repulsed. The
Union troops burned the railroad bridge at
Goodwyn.

KENTUCKY.

This State is not free from guerrillas, a party
of whom attempted to burn the railroad
bridge at Nolan, on the 23d.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Our fleet has stood the equinoctial with-
out loss, to the disgust of the enemy, and
Gillmore is fast preparing his batteries or
another series of startling lessons in artillery
practice.

MISSOURI.

The steamer Marcella was plundered and
burned by guerrillas at Dover landing, on the
24th, and some soldiers on board murdered.Coffee was at Cowstain prairie with 1,500
men, and Quantrell moving south to join
him.

ARKANSAS.

All was quiet at Fort Smith on the 10th,
Kirby Smith having fallen back upon Shreve-
port. Gen. Blunt was quite ill, but had con-
tinued his arduous duties, addressing a
proclamation to the people of western Ar-
kansas.

MARYLAND.

A body of rebel cavalry on the 20th crossed
into Maryland at Rockville, but were driven
back, and their Captain, Kilgore, killed by the
Union horse, who took a number of prisoners.

VIRGINIA.

Gen. Meade has recently visited Washing-

ton, and as his army is moving full of confi-
dence and spirits, stirring news is expected.Gen. Buford, on the 22d, drove the rebel
pickets through Madison Court House, and
then routed Cobb's Georgia legion, taking 45
prisoners.A number of White's guerrillas were re-
cently captured, near Leesburg, by local
cavalry.

NAVAL.

The U. S. revenue steamer Hercules was
attacked by guerrillas in Chesapeake Bay on
the 20th, but after a fight of 20 minutes drove
them off.The blockade-runner Juno, a fine English
steamer, was captured off Wilmington on the
22d, with a cargo of tobacco and cotton.

BOOK NOTICES.

FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S MAGAZINE for Oc-
tober has appeared, as usual, in advance of most of the
monthlies, and gives every token of vigor. It is not
a periodical that the public can dispense with. With
it ladies in all parts of the country can bring their
wardrobes up to the highest point of the latest fash-
ions. One number, such as the present, contains
fashions enough, it seems to us, to bewilder the heads
of a hundred men, and keep busy the fingers of a hun-
dred ladies for three months at least, and the cut pat-
terns must be of a utility which only ladies can ap-
preciate.The literary department is not sacrificed to the fash-
ions—numerous as they are in dresses, garments,
hair, caps, bonnets, etc. John Marchmont's Legacy,
by Miss Braddon, is rapidly coming to a close, and
the charming new novel by Mrs. Denison opens with
rare interest and power. It is evidently the best
Magazine that has appeared for years.The minor stories are very good, and the more seri-
ous parts highly interesting and useful, while the
fine art illustrations and scenes on foreign travels or
pictures of animal life form in themselves a high
recommendation.

NOTES AND TOPICS.

The Modes of a Century.

IN *Frank Leslie's Lady's Magazine* for
October there are four most curious and suggestive
pictures, forming the fashion plates for the last
hundred years! Yes, there is the mystery of dress
for a century made visible, where all can see how
their great grandmothers, grandmothers and mothers,
when they were spinsters, looked when they were
dressed in the fashion, saying nothing of the male
portions of our progenitors. It affords a very curious
study, and cannot fail to make us more tolerant when
we have compared the multitudinous grotesqueness of
human fashion. We have only to calculate how much
fortitude it would require for a man of "to-day" to
walk up Broadway with a lady, however young and
beautiful, "dressed as her grandmother" was; few
men like to be followed by a mob, and a mob he most
certainly would have if he ventured on such an ex-
periment. So disturbing is custom—our second
nature!—that, irreproachable as we consider our pre-
sent fashions, we are quite sure our great grand-
mothers would die of laughter could they catch a
glimpse of us as we promenaded the two shilling side
of Broadway.

Pen and Ink Valer.

DUTCH courage, which draws its inspiration
from Schnapps, is being rapidly superseded by a valor
inspired by that other and more deadly fluid—Ink.
Judging from the recent displays, we should say that,
while one makes the most noise, the other shows
the most malignity. At all events, it has
an air of "patent safety" about it, which renders it
the favorite pastime of men who have not the courage
to fight. Let any one of calm judgment read the daily
press of America, and he will be shocked by the
flippancy with which our journalists bound on the
nation to a foreign war, ludicrously giving as a reason
"that the additional peril to our national existence
will act as a stimulant, and rouse a million of now
quiescent men into arms!" We feel sure, however,
that no danger or disgrace can rouse the hireling
scribes who write this insane balderdash to strike a
blow for any cause, however holy, if it put their
carcasses in peril. They may excuse themselves by
saying that it is their profession to write, and that
they must write what they think will most please the
unthinking masses. It is this shameful doctrine,
worthy only of demerits, which has made a free press
a bane rather than a blessing to the people. It is
skin to the physician hurrying on his patients into
intemperance, the clergy preaching in favor of vice,
and the philosopher advocating violence, for the press
to put itself at the head of the mob and fan the angry
passions it ought to soothe.It is a remarkable fact that, out of the hundred of
journalists, most of them able-bodied men, who feel
so anxious to drive the rest of the world to the field
of battle, not above one or two have followed their
own precepts. They have all proved themselves of
the Bob A-re's' crew, and suffered their valor to ooze
out of their finger ends. We suggest to Mr. Stan-
ton that he ought to draft every man who writes
a warlike article. Judging from their criticism, they
are evidently either great Generals or great asses.Woman's Tactics; or, a Change of
Weapons.WOMAN, after having ruled us with her
tongue since the days of Socrates, has now taken to
her pen. We won't say that the pen is mightier than
the tongue, but it certainly goes farther. We can get
out of the way of our Xantippe's clapper by flying
into another State, but if she takes to her pen, she
can pursue us to the ends of the earth. Among the
many social changes of the present century none is
more remarkable than woman's rush into the realms
of literature. Eighty years ago a female author was
a What Is It? Mrs. Carler's Epictetus was a marvel,
and the "blue stockings" could be counted on Doc-
tor Johnson's fingers. We all know what a sensa-
tion the silly novels of Fanny Burney created. Mrs.
Ratcliffe, of course, stood out prominent as a woman
of wonderful powers, and not a mere spinner of brain-
less dialogues and vapid commonplace plots, utterly
without interest or artistic skill. Let us glance at the
present state of the case. Woman has taken the pen
out of man's hand and is flourishing it about with a
vengeance. Miss Braddon, Mrs. Wood, Mrs. South-
worth, Mrs. Stephens, Fanny Fern, Mrs. Denison,
Miss Alcott, Mrs. Kyle Dallas and their numeroussisters, have almost engrossed the novel writing of
the age. The first of these more resembles Dickens
in the rapidity of her rise and the brilliancy of her
success. At the present time she is publishing four
novels, as Francoini drives four horses, and although
her Eleanor's Victory is the best of her Pegaseuses,
yet the others display her characteristic penmanship.
It is somewhat strange that while Miss Braddon
selects bigamy as her favorite subject, her rival, Mrs.
Henry Wood, takes pleasure in making her hero a
villainous medical man, with a singular tendency to
poison his wives and all those who stand in his way.
Nevertheless, there is great humor in her dialogue—
a faculty totally deficient in Miss Braddon—and her
plots are well constructed. The underplot of the Mor-
mon Elder and his dupes in Verner's Pride is excel-
lent, and gives a sort of Shakespearean completeness
to her novel not found in those of the authoress of Ele-
anor's Victory. What this change of woman's tactics
may mean, of course we do not pretend to predict.
It may foreshadow that man will henceforward be-
come loquacious and woman reflective; at all events
it will undoubtedly pour into our literature a more
delicate and subtle spirit, which cannot fail to modify
considerably the one-sided legislation which man has
hitherto employed in all his relations with the better
half of the world.

FOREIGN NEWS.

EARL RUSSELL alluded pointedly to the
American question in the course of a public speech in
Dundee, Scotland. He stated that England could not
be forced to depart from her neutrality, and that the
rebel chances of intervention by the Palmerston
Cabinet may be regarded as ended.La France and La Presse, of Paris, with the Lon-
don Index—the Anglo-rebel organ—print articles ap-
proving of Jeff Davis's plan to arm and free the
slaves of the South, as a final stroke of war policy.Letters from Paris state that the French Govern-
ment was more and more perplexed lately relative to
the affairs of Mexico. A correspondent says: "With
the United States menacing for attempting to subdue
Mexico, and with the Confederates probably in a very
uncertain one, and, if eager for his alliance, in too
critical a position to be altogether acceptable allies,
the direction of his future transatlantic policy must
at the present moment be the Emperor's greatest
perplexity."A dispatch from Paris, dated on the 11th instant,
states positively that Maximilian has accepted the
crown of Mexico.M. Michel Chevalier made a speech at the Council
General of his department, in which he said that a
true democracy was spreading over the world from
France. The London Times, in a very severe article,
denies this, and says that the French Government is
merely a refined military despotism, and that Napo-
leon cannot compare with Francis Joseph of Austria,
or even the Czar Alexander, in their appreciation and
development of the principles of free and popular
institutions.An official return shows that the French army—on
a "peace footing"—numbers 412 thousand men and
80,000 horses. By calling on the reserves it can be
swelled to 700,000 men.The Russian replies to the Western Powers on the
subject of Poland were expected in London, Paris
and Vienna when the China sailed. The Poles had
sustained some severe defeats in the field.The King of the Greeks was to leave Copenhagen
for Athens on the 17th instant. He was to visit St.
Petersburg, Paris and London en route.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The wonderful activity in our dock-
yards still continues. In six months our navy will
be the third on the list, instead of the 11th, as it was
18 months ago.The Washington Intelligencer says that Govern-
ment has received \$6,000,000 from New York for
commutation money; that is equal to 20,000 men. The
conscription act therefore turns out to be a tax bill,
or a forced loan à la Mexico on the old régime.The defeat at Chickamauga caused gold to rise
8 per cent. After sundry fluctuations it is now steady
at 136. Exchange on London 150.Breadstuffs were in more demand the last week
at generally higher prices. Provisions were in fair
request, and quoted firmer. Cotton was quiet at for-
mer quotations. A moderate business was transacted
in whiskey, hops, hides, metals, oils, fish, spices, tal-
low and groceries, hay, fruit, leather, seeds, wool and
tobacco were in good demand. Freighters were ex-
tremely quiet.An arrival from Bermuda informs us that the
contraband traffic between those islands and various
ports in the rebellious States is very brisk. The
Gazette publishes a list of steamers that keep up a
regular communication between Wilmington and other
Confederate ports.A United States District Judge in Pittsburg,
Judge McCandless, has rendered a decision to the
effect that resisting an enrolling officer is not an in-
dictable offence, and that the law only recognizes re-
sistance to the execution of the draft itself.Gov. Buckingham, of Conn., has decided that a
person who has been ex- mpted from the operation of
the draft is still liable to be called on to do service in
the State militia.It is stated on the best authority, that out of
\$2,000,000 of postal currency that have been cancelled
and burned, not 200 were counterfeited. The imitations
are said to be poor and easily detected.It is rumored in Washington that the Russian
squadron now in our harbor may remain here all
winter.Michael Semonoff, First Master of the Russian
corvette Wlissa, and Nicholas Bouravenskooff, Second
Master of the same vessel, appeared before Justice
Kelly on the 25th and made complaint that they had
been robbed at a disreputable house in Greene street,
of 29 pieces of Russian gold, worth \$174 American
money. Officer Palmer, of the 2d Precinct, arrested
three girls named Kate Hagar, Kimira Sinclair and
Clara Hill, on the charge of having committed the
robbery. Officer Palmer made a search of the room
where the offence is said to have been committed, and
found one of the gold pieces under a washstand. The
prisoners were committed for examination.The Russian steam frigate Osliaha which came
into our harbor ten days ago from Cadix, and whose
officers have been so cordially welcomed by our mun-
icipal authorities and by our citizens generally, was
joined by four more Russian men-of-war recently from
Cronstadt, comprising two steam frigates—the Alex-
ander Newsky and the Peresvet—and two corvettes,
the Vittaze and the Varig. The squadron will be
reinforced in a day or two by three clippers named
Almas, Isamvond and Iahont. The Alexander New-
sky is the flagship of the squadron, and the whole are
under the command of Rear-Admiral Lasofsky.The Fair of the American Institute, which has
been well attended from the start, closed its exhibi-
tion at the Academy of Music on Friday evening.
Gold and silver medals were presented, and the win-
ning competitors for the premiums packed up their
articles and went their ways rejoicing.

The President has recognized John E. Brown as Vice-Consul of Denmark for the State of Maine, to reside at Bath, and C. J. F. Moller as Vice-Consul of Denmark for Wisconsin, to reside at Milwaukee.

The break in the Genesee Valley Canal are being rapidly filled up; loaded boats will be able to pass by the end of this month.

The success of the Park Theatre in Brooklyn is a fixed fact, and very remarkable, considering the number of churches, now nearly reaching to 100. If the theatre is well managed there is no reason why it should not be a permanent institution.

The opening of the Fall Fashions took place on Thursday, the 24th of September. The range of prices is nearly double those asked last year. Bonnets which fetched \$12 then cost \$25 now. If this cruel war lasts much longer ladies must return to dusters. Nevertheless, contractors are making enormous fortunes, and we are rapidly becoming as miserable and pauperish as one of the old rotten monarchies of Europe.

It has been ascertained that the frost damaged the tobacco crop in Tennessee and the southern part of Kentucky to a greater extent than was at first supposed, and the price in the Louisville market has advanced from \$3 to \$4 per 100 pounds in consequence.

The sum levied on New York city for State taxes this year is about three-eighths of the whole amount, and kings county about one-fifth. The amount of State tax apportioned to the different counties will be collected this fall and winter, but not in this city till a year from that time.

The French gunboat *Marceau*, Commander Vivian, from Sydney, C. B., arrived here last week. She has a crew of 85 men, six guns, is 384 tons, and has a propeller of 150 horse power.

A resolution has been introduced in the Legislature of West Virginia, asking the President to change the policy heretofore adopted in that section, of "handling the rebels with gloves on."

Western.—Some of the Detroit papers state that Mr. H. H. Key, of the firm of Johnson, Key & Co., of this city, mysteriously disappeared from the Garrison House, Detroit, Thursday week, where he was stopping, and had not been heard of. He had some money with him, and apprehensions of foul play were entertained.

About 50 Southern sympathizers were sent to Dixie from St. Louis on the 21st Sept. Among them was James H. Jeffries, who was charged with being a cousin of Col. Jeffry, of the rebel army, with belonging to a secret treasonable organization, called the "Overhead Society," and with being a Peace Democrat.

The location to which the Sioux and Winnebagoes have been removed, at Crow Creek, on the Missouri river, affords them a comfortable home in a fine country. Efforts have been made to render the Indians dissatisfied with their new home, for the purpose of getting them further South, on the Missouri river. The settlers there do not like this prospect, and protest against it. The Commissioner of Indian Affairs, however, has no intention of removing these tribes from Crow Creek.

Accounts of the Red river trade show it to be in a very thriving condition this season. 250 carts are at St. Cloud, on their second trip, awaiting shipments.

Southern.—The Richmond papers do not claim the battle between Bragg and Rosecrans as a great victory, although they insist upon having driven the Union army from their positions and forced it to fall back upon Chattanooga, which would seem to be the case, since Rosecrans telegraphs that he cannot be driven from that city. Of course after the enormous lying of the rebel papers about Gettysburg, and their capture of 40,000 prisoners, no reliance can be placed upon their statement now that they have taken 6,000 prisoners and 67 pieces of cannon. It would seem that Rosecrans was not prepared to find himself attacked by part of Gen. Lee's army, which he naturally thought in Virginia and under the surveillance of Gen. Meade. The victory, however, is one of Pyrrhus for the South, for their loss of 10,000 men is of vital importance, while ours is more to be wept over as a terrible domestic bereavement, than considered as a material weakening of our national forces.

The Richmond *Dispatch*, 22d of Sept., has a very deplorable article upon the surrender of Cumberland Gap, and owns up to the loss of 2,000 of their best troops and their favorite battery—Leyden's—which had been a present from the merchants of Liverpool. It concludes thus: "We do not pretend to speak advisedly, but the thing is regarded in intelligent circles as one of the most disgraceful occurrences of the war. The surrender was under the command of Gen. Frazier, of whom we know nothing."

The Richmond *Sentinel*, in recording the first day's fighting of Gen. Bragg's army at Chattanooga, says: "Gen. Bragg has already proved his skill in making retreat, and we hope that the fame he has gained in that line of business will satisfy him."

The Charleston papers, more especially the *Mercury*, still continue their attacks upon Jeff Davis and his cabinet, and reiterate their fall determination to leave Charleston only a heap of ruins. All the non-combatants have left the city.

The Mobile papers say they are perfectly ready for an attack whenever Gen. Banks or Gen. Grant are ready. There is no question that we shall find Mobile almost as well defended as Charleston was.

The Montgomery papers give prices which seem almost fabulous. Shoes \$60 a pair; a silk dress \$500; and even home productions, such as eggs, hams, etc., are about twenty times their usual price. Indeed they are rapidly reaching such a condition that a man must hire an express wagon to carry his purse.

Military.—Gen. Ripley has retired from the Ordnance Bureau; Col. Ramsay, late Commander of the Washington Arsenal, has been appointed to fill his place. Capt. Benton, of the Ordnance Bureau, has been assigned to the command of the Washington Arsenal. The appointment of Col. Ramsay is regarded as only temporary. Lieut. Col. Dyer will probably be assigned as Chief of the Bureau.

Gen. Meigs has been ordered to inspect the condition of the Quartermaster's Department in the South and South-West. Gen. Rufus Ingalls will probably be appointed his successor.

Gen. Gillmore has been appointed Major-General of Volunteers, in consideration of his services before Charleston.

The Army of the Potomac is being paid. In all 15 Paymasters have left Washington with funds sufficient to pay off about one-third of the army.

The Maryland colored regiment, recruited in Baltimore, made a dress parade in that city on the 19th ult. The regiment appeared with full ranks, about 1,000 men, and made a splendid appearance. They had a full brass band of colored musicians. Another colored regiment is forming.

Gen. Elliot's marine brigade, on the 1st Sept., was transferred from the command of Admiral Porter and the Navy Department to that of Gen. Grant and the War Department.

The Washington *Republican* says: "Gen. Gillmore was furnished with 500 of the Greek fire shells, and against the protest of their inventor, Gen. Berney, of New Jersey, they were fitted with percussion fuses. These shells, being thrown a great distance with an elevated piece, described a parabola, and fell to the ground heaviest end downward and fuse upward. Consequently only three out of the 50 fired were exploded, and these by having struck a building. The remaining 470 shells are fitted with time fuses, carried off by the Arago on her last trip.

An exchange, in commenting upon Gen. Meade's activity in snatching his soldiers for desertion, says if he commands the Army of the Potomac for another six months, and goes on at the same rate, he will not have any army at all.

The Second Auditor of the Treasury has decided that an officer promoted from the ranks, who

has not served as an enlisted man two years, is not entitled to the sum of \$100 bounty, in accordance with the existing acts of Congress. This decision was made in a case submitted by Joseph E. Devitt & Co., of Philadelphia.

A sword was presented to Gen. Meade the other day. These presentations may be considered as delicate hints to do something with it against the enemy.

Capt. Flynn and Sawyer, who were to be executed in retaliation for two rebel officers hung by Gen. Burnside, have been released from their fellow's cell, since the Confederates found that the same treatment would be meted out to Gen. Lee and Capt. Winder.

Col. S. H. Leonard, of the 13th Massachusetts, commanding a brigade in the 1st Army Corps, and who was severely wounded at Gettysburg, the effects of which he has not yet recovered from, has been temporarily detailed for duty in Boston harbor.

Naval.—The *Army and Navy Gazette*, of London, has a very able and impartial article on the fatal effects to England should their recent practice in building ships of war be carried out against her. It adds: "If ever these be legal acts, the supremacy of England at sea will never avail her again. If such be our law now, it ought to be changed, not in Federal interests, but in our own. It is no sufficient answer to the natural objections made by the aggrieved belligerent, that the law of their own country and their past practice justify the act. If Ireland was in a state of rebellion, and was so closely blockaded that not a ship could enter her ports, what would our Government do in case the citizens and shipbuilders of New York sent out steam-frigates, with the harp and green flag flying, and commenced burning British ships, under the pretence that they were Irish men-of-war, and argued that such proceedings were quite justified by law and precedent? We fancy the Government of the United States would have something on the subject of a very decided character."

The Florida has certainly got into a mess by going into Brest, for, despite the boasted ingenuity of the French, Capt. Maffitt had to send to Liverpool, to get British mechanics to repair the engines, which are very much out of order. This will necessarily consume so much time, that, if there be any enterprise and loyalty among our naval men, she will never leave that port with the Confederate flag flying over her. The probabilities are that, like the *Sumter*, she will have to be sold, and the pirate Maffitt get another ship in England.

Secretary Welles has ordered the greatest exertions to be made to finish the ironclads now building.

The Anglo-rebel steamer *Junco*, a prize taken off Wilmington on the 23d Sept. by the U. S. gunboat *Connecticut*, arrived at this port on the 25th, on her way to Boston. She is a new vessel, has a full cargo of Southern staples, principally cotton, and is valued at a high figure.

It is stated in a letter received in Washington that the amount of the first claim (100,000) against the Florida, now at Brest, had been arranged by Mr. Silldell, and that the other claims would be satisfactorily adjusted.

Personal.—Kossuth made a great mistake in leaving England. There he had numerous wealthy friends, and his lectures and writings furnished him with a handsome income. During the Italian war he removed to Turin, thinking to engage Louis Napoleon in a Hungarian movement. By the last accounts he was quite penniless, and his wife dying. A subscription was being raised for him in London, and he would most probably return there.

The Rev. Asa Dodge Smith, D.D., of New York, has been appointed President of Dartmouth College. Dr. Smith is a native of Weston, Windsor Co., Vermont, and a graduate of Dartmouth, in the class of 1830. He is widely known for his scholarly habits, soundness of mind, dignified and urbane manners, a popular and effective pulpit orator, and an earnest yet prudent advocate of the cause of freedom. No selection for that important post could have given greater satisfaction to the friends of the institution. In religion he is a Presbyterian.

Brig-Gen. Ransom, of Gen. Grant's army, has come to New York, to recruit his health. He is one of the youngest Generals in the service. He is commander of Natchez. His brigade made a splendid charge at Vicksburg.

Admiral Farragut had a reception at the Chamber of Commerce, corner of William and Cedar streets, on the 24th Sept. He was most cordially welcomed by the citizens, who, one and all, expressed their gratification at the meeting. We trust that no parallel-seeker will call him the "American Nelson," for despite the last syllable of his name we prefer it unadulterated.

The reports that Mrs. Lincoln was in an interesting condition are untrue.

Our friend Osborne, now before Charleston, gives a pleasant sketch of Gen. Gillmore: With a bold confidence in the success of everything he undertakes, Gen. Gillmore couples a quiet, unassuming demeanor, which lends a great charm to his character. He never boasts; he rarely promises; and never yet has failed. In his marches on Morris Island one usually finds him busily occupied in arranging and perfecting his plans; but the care and responsibilities of a great campaign are never evident in his cheerful countenance. The natural buoyancy of his disposition comes out in spite of them. I have frequently seen him examining reports and poring over his charts; and to me there has seemed a newly developed vein of humor in the strains of the familiar ballad.

'Twas within a mile of Edinboro' town, as Gen. Gillmore whistled it while measuring with his dividers the distance from his batteries to Charleston.

A correspondent who signs himself Harvey Birch gives a lively account of how he got out of "Dixie." His portrait of Gen. Winder is concise. "Gen. Winder is not the drunken, blue-eyed knave some people have drawn him. He is an aristocratic hoary, supercilious, superannuated dotard. I do tickle his vanity by inventing some compliments which I pretended hearing some Marylanders pay him, that he ordered me to be released without any examination."

The famous Roger A. Pryor has enlisted as a private in the 3d Georgia cavalry. This regiment is considered the elite of Davidson.

The Cincinnati *Commercial* says that a private dispatch from Capt. Hunter Brooks was received in that city on the 23d, stating that Gen. Lytle was not killed, as reported in the regular Associated Press dispatch, but was severely wounded and taken prisoner. It is a singular coincidence that Gen. Lytle was wounded and fell into the hands of the enemy at the battle of Perryville, and that the regular dispatches announced his death.

The new French Consul at this port, M. Gauldree-Bollan, is a brother-in-law of Gen. Fremont, he having been married to a daughter of the late Senator Beuton. Some years ago he was Secretary of Legation under M. Sarrigues the French Minister, whom he formed the acquaintance of Miss Benton.

John B. Sanborn has been appointed a Brigadier-General of Volunteers by the President, upon the recommendation of Gen. Grant. He was Colonel of the 4th Minnesota, which position he had just resigned. He commanded a brigade of Grant's army for more than a year, and took part in some of the severest battles in Minnesota. There are now two Major and three Brigadier-Generals in the service from Minnesota.

Col. B. Biddle Roberts of Philadelphia has received the appointment of Pennsylvania State Agent at Washington. He is a lawyer, and as Colonel of the 1st Reserves participated in several battles.

Obituary.—The *Utica Observer* says that Jacob Hallock, of Western, Onondaga county, grandfather of Major-Gen. H. W. Hallock, died on Thursday, the 17th ult., at the extraordinary age of 103 years.

Lieut.-Gen. J. B. Hood, of Texas, was born in Kentucky. He was a graduate of West Point, of 1853 class. He served with distinction on the frontiers.

He resigned 1861, and was made Colonel of a Texas regiment. He was prominently engaged in the seven days Chickasaw fight, and was promoted to a Brigadier-General for his services to the rebel cause. He was afterwards in Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville and Gettysburg. He was killed on Sunday, the 20th Sept., at Chickamauga.

The Rev. Michael Olivetti, pastor of the Catholic church at Fort Henry, Essex county, N. Y., was found murdered on the 19th Sept., and his body thrown into Lake Champlain. He was a native of Sicily, and had been Pastor of Whitehall, N. Y. He had been on the Mission in the Diocese of Albany for several years, and was about 50 years old. As he was about to start on a visit to New York city, and was known to have had considerable money with him, which was not found on him when his body was dragged out, he was undoubtedly murdered by some person cognizant of that fact. Several arrests have been made.

Rev. J. J. Connolly, Pastor of Clinton, Mass., and formerly of the Seminary, Montreal, died in the Carney street Hospital, South Boston, on the 10th of Sept. He was a most learned and pious man.

Col. W. G. Jones, who died of his wounds at Chancellorsville on the 20th ult., commanded the 36th Ohio volunteer infantry. He was about 25 years old, graduated at West Point three years ago, and was one of the regular officers captured in Texas in 1861. He commanded a Pennsylvania regiment during the Peninsular campaign, and served with great credit during the seven days' battles. He was afterwards one of Gen. Sumner's staff until that General's death, when he became Colonel of the 36th Ohio, at whose head he received the wound of which he has since died. He was a good soldier and a gallant gentleman.

Brig-Gen. Ben. Hardin Helon, also slain on Sunday at Chickamauga, was a son of John L. Hardin, formerly Gov. of Kentucky. He has been actively engaged during the rebellion. He was at Shiloh and Baton Rouge. Gen. Helon's wife is a half-sister of Mrs. Lincoln.

Brig-Gen. Preston Smith, likewise killed at Chickamauga, was at Belmont, Shiloh, and commanded at the battle of Richmond, Ky. He was also at Murfreesboro.

Herman A. Wollenhaupt, who died suddenly on the 23d Sept., was born at Schkenditz, Saxony, 1827. His rare musical talent, both as performer and composer, brought him early before the public, and gained him an esteem he never forfeited, for he was as rich in moral as in intellectual gifts. He was buried in Cypress Hills Cemetery, and on the day of his funeral the principal music stores closed their doors, as a mark of respect and regret.

Monsieur E. Fenelon, the leader of the orchestra at the New York theatre, died suddenly, from the breaking of a blood vessel, on the morning of the 23d ult. He was attending the rehearsal of the orchestra at the theatre, and was playing the air of the tenor aria at the close of the opera of "Lucia di Lamermoor." Just as he arrived at the passage "I will meet you in Heaven," he rose from his seat and fell dead. Mons. Fenelon was very well known in his profession. He married one of the Ravel sisters, and travelled with the Ravel family for nearly 20 years. They seldom played without him; for he had all their pantomime music by heart, and, indeed, composed much of it himself. At the opening of the New York theatre, recently, he was engaged to lead the orchestra for the Marzetti and Martini families, with whom he had been so long associated. As a mark of respect to his memory, the theatre was closed. Mons. Fenelon was an excellent artist and a French gentleman. He was of the same family as the celebrated Bishop Fenelon.

Accidents and Offences.—On Saturday night, the 19th Sept., two respectable Germans enter a larger saloon, 125 Third street, to take some refreshment. Upon one of them remonstrating with a party of young men who were singing obscene songs, one of the ruffians struck him with a slung shot which rendered him insensible. He was conveyed to his residence, where he lies at the point of death. The Police ought to look closer after the larger saloons. They are haunts of infamy, and are every day becoming worse.

Officer Fenton had his gold watch stolen from him in the afternoon of the 23d Sept., while on duty near Church and Warren streets. He can't make out who stole it.

Lowenstein, who keeps a drygoods store on Grand street, has been convicted of receiving stolen goods.

Miss Elizabeth Beatty was tried and acquitted in Pittsburgh, Penn., on a charge for murder, for killing, in a justice's office, in January last, a young man who had seduced her under promise of marriage, and by whom she had a child. The defence admitted the act, but pleaded insanity, and evidence was adduced showing that the poor girl, after her heartless abandonment, was in a state of mental excitement and anguish almost insupportable.

The investigation into the death of the boy Hill, killed Sept. 1st, by being hit in the head with a half pound nut thrown by a fellow-workman named Jeremiah McCarthy, which knocked Hill off a staging 28 feet high and killed him, ended in showing that it was caused by immoderate skylarking at the Continental works, Greenpoint.

The flouring mills of Richards & Co., at Genesee, Ill., were entirely destroyed by the explosion of the steam boiler on the 12th. No one was killed, but several persons were hurt. Loss about \$10,000.

Foreign.—Our quotations of the Press are always on the qui vive for more news. One of the last was that our Roman Senator, Cassius Brutus Marcellus Epaminondas Clay had signed with Gortschakoff a treaty offensive and defensive. The St. Petersburg *Northern Bee* thus disposes of the rumour: "The intelligence that the United States will declare war against France and England if those powers engage in hostilities with Russia appears to us extremely doubtful. It is possible that a treaty may have been signed between Russia and the Northern States, but its stipulations assuredly do not make any such obligation incumbent upon America. Our relations with the Washington Government have always been excellent, but have never yet led to similar engagements." It has, however, now transpired that the treaty effected by Cassius Clay is one especially for his own interest—the right of a telegraphic line to the mouth of the Amazon.

The Paris correspondent of the *London Herald* thus discourses on the "sayings and doings" of the pirate Maffitt: "En revanche the *Paris* publishes a long and highly interesting account of the exploits of the Confederate cruisers *Sumter*, *Alabama*, *Florida* and *Tacony*. The writer, M. Henri Valtinave, a name well known and justly esteemed on both sides of the Atlantic, describes in terse and concise language the deeds of daring of that small and gallant band of rovers who, 'in the struggle of right against might, of the weak against the strong, have revived the romance of the sea in an unromantic age, and won imperishable fame for their country and themselves.' The heroism of burning unarmed ships and robbing defenceless women is worthy of *Punch*.

A Vienna paper says: "We are of opinion that the evidence as to the morality of the unmeaning and objectless undertaking of France is complete. We know the motive which first led Spain, France and England to go to Mexico. We have heard of the Soledad convention, and know that Napoleon III. was only led to plan the establishment of a monarchy in Mexico because he confidently believed in the victory of the Confederates over the Federals, and because the retreat of the French after the defeat of Lorencez before Puebla became impossible. Since the scale in North America has been entirely turned—since the overthrow of Secession is as good as decided—the Mexican campaign is regretted in Paris, and the only escape that offers consists in the rapid discovery of an European prince to be planted upon the improvised throne in Mexico. As soon as he is passably installed and provided with Mexican troops

France will recall her army, and leave the new Emperor to his fate."

Mr. Cyrus W. Field is among the passengers by the China. Prior to Mr. Field's departure from England everything had been put in train to secure the laying of the Atlantic Telegraph Cable between Ireland and Newfoundland during the summer of 1864. Messrs. Glass, Elliot & Co., as already stated, had contracted to carry out the work, and had commenced the manufacture of the cable. They not only undertake to make the cable, but also to successfully lay it, thus showing implicit confidence in the success of the undertaking. That this confidence is also shared by others is shown from the fact that several of the leading marine insurance companies in London had issued policies covering all risks, including even the transmission of messages, at comparatively moderate premiums.

The Count de Montholon, who was for so many years Consul in New York, has sailed for Mexico, after several interviews with the Emperor. He is well known as being bitterly hostile to the cause of the North.

The *London Times* says that when Maximilian is safely enthroned in Mexico he will grant to France for ever the peninsula of Lower California. This is about 700 miles long, and abounds in mines of exceeding richness. It is likewise famous for its cedar forests.

M. de Persigny has been created a duke. He has just been divorced from his wife.

Count George is spoken of as likely to succeed M. Hulssemann as Austrian Minister at Washington.

Art, Science and Literature.—The *Publishers' Circular* is making its mark in the world of literature. Its belonging to a large publisher will always have the effect of throwing suspicion upon its critical opinions; but the fact of its being edited by the celebrated Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie will neutralise much of that feeling. The doctor is beyond all question the very best man in America (with perhaps one exception) to edit a work of that kind. His immense knowledge of contemporary literature, his wonderful memory, and his excellent Anglo-Saxon style, joined to a common sense equally uncommon, render him, to use a hackneyed phrase, "the right man in the right place." Despite his wig he is still in the full vigor of life.

A handsome building, to be called the Honorary Institution, is being erected at Paris by the Association of Dramatic Poets. Within its walls young authors who are unable to board, lodge and get up clean linen for themselves will have these trifling services rendered for them gratis. The great difficulty will be to find out who are authors.

Mr. Graw, a French physician, proposes to destroy the taste of intensely bitter medicines by mixing chloroform with them in certain proportions. He claims that the taste and odor even of assafoetida can be annihilated.

Chit-Chat.—Ben. Russell, jun., of Co. C, 10th Maine, has turned Homer, and written an *Iliad*, which has this great advantage over the blind old Grecian that it is only 15 pages. The author deprecates harsh criticism on account of his age, being only 16 years. We have no doubt he is a brave soldier, and his verses show a disposition for intellectual pursuits. It is a pleasant octosyllabic rhymed account of the doings of the 10th Maine regiment, one of the best in the service. We should like to give a few extracts from our young warrior bard, but we cannot spare space.

A soldier, in the New York *Herald*, in complaining of the want of proper food for the sick at Camp Sprague, New Dorp, Staten Island, says: "There is no fund set apart for hospital luxuries; hence we have none. The ladies of Philadelphia supply this deficiency there; but the ladies on Staten Island are not in that question here. How is this? Are they all rebel sympathizers? Tell it not in Gath, neither publish it in the streets of Ascalon! Where are the ladies of Staten Island? What has become of the Sanitary Committee of New York city? Has the soft heart of woman congealed towards the soldier because the necessities of war make him omnipresent? Has the ocean of wealth that at the commencement of this war poured forth its rivers of kindness evaporated? Ladies of Staten Island, has the presence of a soldier become distasteful to you? We trust the ladies of that 'gem of the ocean' of New York Bay will make their appearance."

We have had occasion to complain of several correspondents of the London papers, among them Russell and Mackay—the latter especially for wild mis-statements—but we question if some of the London correspondents for our own papers do not beat them out of the field for unblushing nonsense. A blatant ass, who writes for the New York *Times*, from London, in his last letter says: "To-day you may take a hundred Trents, and blockade British ports, and seize British steamers, and neither Palmerston nor Russell will whisper the first word of war. England will bulwark every weak power in the world, but England will not dare to risk war with America." If the writer of this precious nonsense believes what he penned, he is an idiot; if he didn't, he is one those Secession agents, who, if their ability were equal to their malignity, would save the rebellion by plunging us into a war with one or both of the Western Powers. We understand that Col. Hiram Fuller writes nearly one half of the London letters under various signatures.

The latest style of hoopskirts is the self-adjusting, double back-action, bustle-estruan, facer-expansion, piecolomial-attachment, gossamer-indestructible, poliocti-cosomama. It is a very sweet thing.

Betty Birchwood thinks it provoking for a woman, who has been working all day mending her husband's old coat, to find a love-letter from another in a pocket. That is perfect nonsense. There is not a woman on earth but would find the letter before she began to mend the coat—and then it would not be mended at all.

The Parisian ladies, who don't like the Emperor, have adopted a novel way of expressing their contempt. When he goes to the opera they look at him through the wrong end of their glasses, making him appear "Napoleon the Little," and thus insinuating agreement with Victor Hugo, without opening their mouths.

Five of the sweetest words in the English language begin with an H, which is only a breath: Heart, Hope, Home, Happiness and Heaven. Heart is a hope-place, and home is a heart-place, and that man sadly mistaken who would exchange the happiness of home for anything less than heaven.

A Paris prestidigitateur, named Robin, has invented a new and star-lit method of spirit-rapping. He brings on the stage the drum of a Zouave, stated to have been killed at Inkermann, and the noisy instrument is ready to answer all and every question concerning the famous charge at Balaklava and the sufferings of the other world. Nobody stands nigh while the sticks execute, of their own accord, the most marvellous rolls and marches.

A. DODWORTH'S DANCING ACADEMIES.—No. 204 Fifth Avenue, New York, and No. 137 Montague street, Brooklyn.—Mr. Dodworth opens his academies for the season, and will enjoy the support which his attention to the progress of his pupils and the high character of his schools entitle him to expect. A reference to the list of families who have placed their children under his charge will be an assurance that his business, heretofore, has been properly conducted; and his assurance that he is quite as anxious to maintain his present position as he has been to gain that position, will guarantee a continuance of the same exertion. To those who deem novelties an important feature, Mr. Dodworth's many visits to Europe and correspondence there will leave nothing to be desired on that point. Of the select number of really first-class academies for instruction in the art of dancing, so necessary as an accomplishment and as an exercise, we can recommend none more highly and more cheerfully than that so long conducted by Mr. Dodworth.



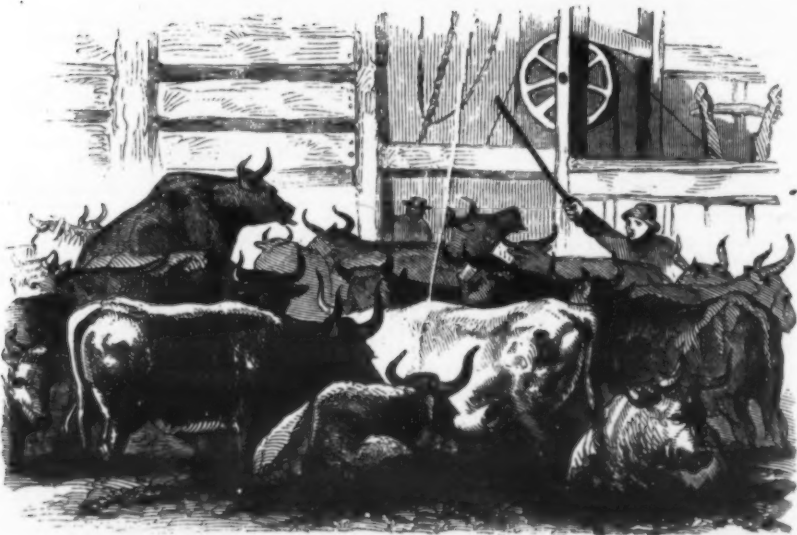
BRUTAL TREATMENT OF CALVES.



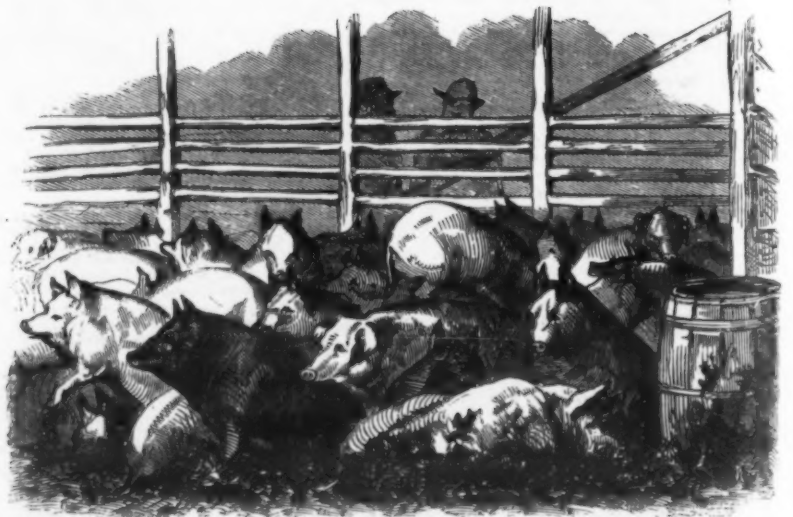
DRIVING MADDENED CATTLE THROUGH THE STREETS.



YARD OF A SLAUGHTERHOUSE IN TWELFTH STREET.



A CATTLE-YARD.



A HOG-YARD.

THE SLAUGHTERHOUSES OF NEW YORK—HOW CATTLE ARE TREATED AND SLAUGHTERED.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

THE SONG OF THE SHELL.

BY J. WARREN NEWCOMB, JUN.

SULLEN, and strong, and thick, and tall,
Rises the bastion's moated wall.
The glacis is smooth and the ditch is deep,
And the weary sentry may never sleep;
Over the parapet, heavy and dun,
Peers the mouth of the barbette gun,
While lightnings flash and tempests glow
From the gloomier casemates down below.
Strong is the work and stout the wall,
But before my song they must crumble and fall—

Crumble away to a heap of stones,
Mingled with fragments of dead men's bones,
And red with the blood that flowed as they fell,
Their requiem sung by the howling shell.

Faunting, and boasting, and brisk, and gay,
The streets of the city shine to-day.
Fort without, an army within,
To think of surrender were deadly sin;
For the foe far over the wave abide,
And no guns can reach o'er the flowing tide.
They can't? Through the air, with a rush
and a yell,

Comes the screech and the roar of the howling shell;
And the populous city is all alive
With the bees that are leaving the ancient hive;

And the market-places are waste and bare,
And the smoke hangs thick in the poisoned air;
And ruins alone shall remain to tell
Where the hymn of destruction was sung by the shell.

Traitorous and bloodthirsty, mad with wrath,
Charleston stands in the nation's path—
Stands and flaunts a bloody rag,
Insulting the stars on the dear old flag.
But Sumter is crumbled and ground away,
And Wagner and Gregg are ours to-day,
And over the water, on furious wings,
The shell from the "Swamp Angel" flies and sings.



It sings of the death of the traitorous town,
It sings of red-handed rebellion crushed down.

Sharp are its cadences, harsh its song,
It shrieks for the right and it crushes the wrong;
And never a blast, shaking nethermost hell,
Cried vengeance and wrath like the song of the shell.

New York, Sept. 10, 1863.

PRIZE STORY No. 30.

THE SPECTRE COUNT
OF
FORT NIAGARA.

By the late Miss Anna Belden.

CHAPTER IV.

But tremble not for nature's child,
Whose home hath been the savage wild,
Whose mates have been the rocks and trees
And flowers that creep by the side of these.
Fear not for her; that ample aid
Which moves in mercy all unsees,
Was there to cress the slender maid
And snatch her from the deep ravine.
She was the scion of a gentle race,
And wealth and beauty were her queenly dower;
Her form was fashioned in the mould of grace,
And many owned her love-inspiring power:
On one alone, with breast devoid of guile,
The maiden flung the sunlight of her smile.
—W. H. C. Hosmer.

AFTER calming her agitation at reading this story of the early days of her mother, Eugenie prepared for their projected ride. The party was augmented by the arrival of Miss Butler from Fort George, and the return of Lieut. Wharton from a furlough.

On setting out, Graves assisted Miss Lenox to mount her horse and rode forth beside her.

Linton, happy in the thought of being for the first time alone with Eugenie, assisted her to a seat in Dr. Fisher's gig, which, newly washed and brushed up for the occasion, presented a very re-



MADAME GIUSEPPINA MEDORI, THE NEW PRIMA DONNA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FREDRICKS.

spectable appearance, and was withal quite a comfortable vehicle. It is not to be supposed, however, that either of its occupants gave more than a passing thought to these externals. Linton was too intently occupied in observing his lovely companion, once more attired, by the care of Miss Lenox, in garments befitting her condition; and if his memory did recur to the black velvet riding hat with its white plume, which he had thought until then so peculiarly adapted to her style of beauty, he could not but acknowledge that she looked still more lovely in the close little cottage bonnet of white straw, with its simple trimming of hop blossoms and dark green leaves. It was not perhaps of the newest Paris fashion, but in their isolated condition at the fort it was not procurable. As communication with New York was rare, and a journey thither occupied some three weeks or more, Miss Lenox had learned to supply her deficient knowledge of the current styles by her own taste and ingenuity; and now as she looked back upon her friend, she experienced a sensation of almost envy, mingled with her admiration of her surpassing loveliness. The free air fanned her cheek, and imparted a tint of the rose in place of its former paleness. The sunlight gleaming among

her dark curls lent a glow of almost unearthly radiance to her beauty.

As Linton drove onward he was incessantly pointing out to his fair companion the more attractive features of the magnificent scenery, and he elicited many an animated and admiring response.

"Now, now, Eugenie," said Mary, "from this spot the view is unequalled. See how our noble river winds all silently along between the opposing heights of Lewiston and Queenston, and how those very heights gleam through the gold and purple haze of this autumnal atmosphere, and appear capped as it were with a halo. The river seems lost, but below see how it emerges and flows onward beyond the rival headlands, its bright blue bosom giving back the heavens' own radiance, and its calm surface unbroken by a single ripple. Yet a few miles above it is rushing and foaming in terrific fury at the whirlpool, and one grows dizzy in gazing at the giddy vortex. Still farther above its waters are dashing in wild impetuosity down that fearful cataract—the wide world's wonder."

Then turning somewhat abruptly to Graves, who was almost lost in astonishment at this burst of



The Indian Girl warns the Travellers of their Danger

enthusiasm in the usually quiet Mary, she continued:

"How one delights to go forth and gaze upon a scene so charmingly varied and picturesque, and I sometimes fancy that amid such a landscape as this no appreciative mind could be unhappy. Were any deep distress save that of actual guilt weighing down my spirit, I think I would have only to go and hold communion with nature in the guise she wears here, look upon this glorious river with its verdant banks and rocky steeps, and feel the free air of heaven upon my brow, to banish at once all feeling of sadness or regret, and lose my own identity in adoration of the Being who gave us a world so full of beauty for our habitation."

Graves was silent, for he was wrapt in admiration of the speaker, as her warmth and animation had produced an unusual glow in her quiet face, and he remembered how often, in these bright autumnal days, Mary, with only a little brother for a companion, had stolen from her convalescing guest, to walk upon the river's bank, upon the broad beach of the lake or among the wild woodland paths; and he rejoiced to find that her native strength of mind was working effectually its own cure.

Eugenie, too, although she did not catch the last words of her friend, marked the sudden illumination of her face, and likened it to the touch of an enchanter's wand, or the reflection of the radiant smile of a guardian angel.

"How my brother Julien would admire such a character, and how beautifully such gentleness, yet firmness of principle, would temper the impetuosity and wild energy of his really noble nature. I hope Julien will come for me soon."

"But would your brother fancy such a wife? Would the Hon. Capt. Raincourt, with all his high-sounding titles and noble lineage, consent to his son's, to either of his children's marrying an untitled American? In the present position of affairs our nation is liable at any moment to become an enemy, for war seems inevitable."

Linton paused, for visions of glory had driven the loveliest hovering upon his lips for the instant from his mind.

Eugenie, shuddering at the question which had before chilled her hopes, shrank from the approaching *éclaircissement*, and abruptly changed the subject by exclaiming, as they passed over a bridge that spanned a deep and dark ravine:

"Oh, what a wild-looking spot! It seems the very place for some deed of horror. Filled with those tall trees that rear their trunks from the very bottom of the abyss, and the tangled underbrush beneath—would it not form a capital position for an ambush?"

"Yes, indeed," said Linton; "there is a tale of



The Lovers crossing the Bridge.

blood connected with the spot among the early traditions of the Indians?"

Eugenie's lately awakened horror of the Indian character was still in full force, and her cheek grew pale as she remembered the threat of her captor.

They rode on in silence for several miles, the hearts of both too full for utterance. With the cherished secret of his love upon his very lips, Linton felt that he could attempt no conversation, and the quickness with which Eugenie had turned his first approach to an explanation led him to fear that his suit would be unwelcome.

"There! is not this a beautiful spot?" said Graves, reining in his steed, as a turn in the road showed them a spot of low land below them. The bank, some thirty feet in height, appeared here in the form of a crescent, with its side covered with tall trees. It sloped down to the flat, where about seventy acres lay in one smooth green meadow, the river washing the very turf upon its edge.

"Methinks a soldier even might lay aside his hopes of glory, and be content to dream his life away in such a spot, with one fair spirit to minister unto him."

"Well, Capt Graves, if such be your dreams, there is a fair chance of their fulfillment. Miss Wilton's father became the purchaser of this very property, in all some five hundred acres, last week," said Lieut. Wharton.

"Ah, indeed! but my chance there is like unto the camel's for the needle's eye; for, as her aunt, a queenly old personage from Baltimore, told me last summer, 'Minerva Wilton is a stately maiden; I do not think there is a man who dare breathe a proposal of marriage in her ear.' Grandiloquent—was it not? as the fair lady herself. But I, of all in the world, however I might dare the 'thunders of the cannon's mouth,' would shrink appalled from the scorn of woman's lips."

"Beware, my noble captain," interposed Linton, laughingly, "you are even now playing the Benedict to her Beatrice."

"That is purely to save you from falling a victim to her wiles, Charlie. From mere pity for your youth and inexperience, I precat my veteran

breast as a mark for the missiles of the fair enemy, knowing myself encased in a tenfold panoply of indifference," was the good-natured rejoinder of Graves.

"Truly, and in spite of your indifference, you may one day marry her through pity for my youth and inexperience. What a disinterested friend!"

"A truce to your bantering, gentlemen," said Miss Butler, "here comes the conquering lady herself upon her favorite Bucephalus."

"And truly she is a 'stately maiden,' she sits the animal like a major of dragoons," uttered Graves, as he rode forward and accosted Miss Wilton with a dignity equal to her own.

"My dear Miss Lenox, I received your note this morning, volunteering a visit, and as the day was so fine, I rode down with papa to meet you. He has just turned aside to examine his new purchase; you know I have become the heiress to these broad acres."

A few minutes of lively galloping and our party alighted at Judge Wilton's—a large substantial mansion upon the river's bank, just within the little village of Lewiston. After a pleasant afternoon, and not a little sparring between Graves and Miss Wilton, they set out on their return. Eugenie thought to enjoy the scenery still more by the silvery moonlight, but after the first mile or two the clouds, which had before been light and fleecy, became dark and threatening. The light became so dimmed that their pathway was barely perceptible. Linton folded Eugenie's cloak more closely about her, as the freshening of the breeze aroused serious fears of their being overtaken by a storm. Just as they entered the shadow of a wood, a low voice called Linton's name, and at the same instant a hand seized the rein. Linton checked his horse, and inquired who it was that spoke. Amid the darkness he could faintly perceive the outline of a female form.

"Do you not know me? I am Rose!" and he recognized the daughter of old Printhop.

"What would the fair Tuscarora with her friend?" he asked, with somewhat of the gallantry that always marked his address to the pretty Indian girl.

"Would Capt. Linton save the lady whom he loves? My brother seeks the life of the English girl."

"How? Where?" inquired Linton.

"This very night he make ambush on the river bank at the eddy below, with two, three men. He swears the girl die to-night. Turn back, I pray you."

"What is to be done? Dearest Eugenie, your precious life must not be placed in jeopardy; we will return without delay. But in this darkness all are in equal danger; one loud halloo will recall those who have gone forward."

"Ha, Linton, what is in the wind now? a breakdown?" asked Graves, as the equestrians obeyed the call.

In a few words Linton explained the dilemma, and the Indian girl was more closely questioned. Her brother had informed her of his plot, supposing revenge as welcome to her spirit as to his own. He had dogged their footsteps during the afternoon, and knew that Linton and Eugenie were the occupants of the gig, and thus was prepared in ambush at the eddy for their return. Rose, however, more gentle in her nature, had hurried to meet the party and warn them of their danger. It was arranged that the whole party should return to Judge Wilton's, and there leave the ladies. Rose was most eloquently thanked and urged to bear them company, but pressing the hand of Linton to her heart, she left them abruptly and in silence.

"Cheer up, my dear Miss Rainscourt," were Linton's first words as they turned back upon the road they had just passed over, "a few short miles and you will be safely lodged at Judge Wilton's. Do not let your alarm deprive you of rest to-night; I should regret to see you check less blooming when we come for you in the morning."

"You surely will not return to the fort to-night!" cried Eugenie, "expose your life for me! No, it must not be. Should you thus be sacrificed, I could never—" but she could say no more, for sobs choked her utterance, and she involuntarily leaned her head upon his shoulder, and clung convulsively to him, as if to prevent his leaving her.

"My beloved, my own precious Eugenie, is then my life of value in your eyes? Say, have you then perceived the wild love which is consuming my very being? And is it not displeasing to you? Tell me, do you feel even a little portion of like interest in one who has so few claims upon your favor?"

"Are you not the preserver of my life, my liberty, my honor? What stronger claims could any other advance?"

And Linton, as he poured forth his love in fervent eloquence, regretted that no straggling moonbeam gave him one glimpse of the beautiful face of his beloved, as his arm for the first time encircled her, and his lips met hers in the first holy kiss of love. Before they reached Judge Wilton's, Eugenie had told all the treasured thoughts of her heart, and had given her promise that to him and none other should her hand belong.

Hurriedly taking leave of the ladies with the promise of returning for them in the morning, and waking light of the danger that threatened them, the gentlemen departed—Graves following directly behind Linton's gig. They had not proceeded far when the storm that had been gathering burst in its fury, and the rain poured in torrents. When they reached the eddy they were more on the alert than ever, and indeed all their vigilance was needed, as the darkness had increased to such a degree that scarcely an object could be discerned. The horse had but just set foot on the bridge when a strong arm stopped his farther progress, and the click of a weapon on one side, and a blow of a tomahawk on the other, gave notice of the enemy. Turned partially aside by the top of the gig, the missile struck Linton's arm and disabled it. Almost at the same

moment Graves encountered one of the assailants, and after a desperate struggle succeeded in hurling him from the bridge. He fell with a crash among the bushes down the deep abyss. "There, I have finished him, I fancy—it was Printhop, I am quite certain, from his height—the others will not molest us now, but let us hasten on with all convenient speed."

"But I cannot drive," said Linton, "my arm is injured, and is very painful."

"Lieut. Wharton, get into the carriage, I will lead your horse—now let us spur onward," responded Graves.

In a short time they entered the gates dripping with rain, and Linton was found to have a broken arm, which being properly cared for, all retired to rest.

CHAPTER V.

I'll see what hole is here,
And what he is that now is leapt into it.
Say, who art thou, that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?
—Titus Andronicus.

It may well be imagined that the ladies passed an anxious night. Early after breakfast Eugenie was stationed at the window looking out for their friends. About ten they appeared in sight, and her quick eye recognized Graves in advance, with two young lieutenants; the gig was a little behind the rest of the cavalcade. Already her heart beat high and the color rose in her cheek as she anticipated meeting her lover, but a nearer glance showed her that its occupant was Major Maurice, a lively bachelor of fifty. Linton might be wounded, perhaps killed, for surely, if well, he would never have left to another the care of escorting her home. She endeavored to rise, but excess of emotion chained her to her seat. Mary's watchful eye observed her, and, understanding her fears, she rose and met the gentlemen at the door. Eugenie heard the voice of Capt. Graves in answer to her rapid question:

"Linton was hurt, but slightly however; and Dr. Fisher had vetoed his coming out this morning, although he was most anxious to fulfil his engagement."

"A broken arm, my dear Miss Rainscourt, nothing more."

And he proceeded to relate their encounter with the Indians, adding:

"We dismounted this morning and searched the ravine, but no traces of the fallen savage were to be seen, except some broken bushes and blood-stained stones upon the precipitous descent. His body must have been borne off by his comrades."

Eugenie found Major Maurice as pleasant a companion as any, save one only, and the ride was soon accomplished. At the door of the messhouse stood Capt. Linton to welcome them, his arm in a sling, but looking nearly as well as usual. Capt. Graves smiled at the eagerness with which he stepped forward to assist Eugenie to alight, but he was compelled to resign in favor of Lieut. Wharton, his broken arm preventing his being of service.

Just as they entered the great hall, a number of soldiers were busy in cleaning out an old well, opposite the doorway, which was formerly used, but of late years had been entirely filled up. Several officers and men were gathered about some objects of peculiar interest, which proved to be an entire human skeleton, partly disjointed, and an old sword, the hilt of which was then undergoing the process of cleaning by one of the men, as it appeared to be of precious metal, ornamented with stones of great value. An antique tankard of silver, richly chased, and several gold buttons, all blackened with lying in the water, likewise lay around.

"There, Dr. Fisher, leave yonder dry bones, and assist Col. Lenox and myself in deciphering this inscription," cried Graves, who had taken up the sword. "Louis XV.—France—Comte—de—de—I can make cut no more."

"De Rivardie!" interposed Eugenie, springing forward; "he was my grandfather."

"What do you mean, my dear sister?" asked a young man, advancing from the doorway, where he had just entered, unobserved. "Surely you are raving, Eugenie."

"No Julien, dear, dearest brother!" replied she, throwing herself into his arms. "How strange we should meet at such a spot and at such a moment! Here is the mystery of years solved at last; here the proud Count Julien de Rivardie found an unhonored grave the night our mother left her home; but I will explain all at the earliest leisure."

Then, commanding her emotion, she presented her brother, Major Rainscourt, to the assembled group. Prepossessing as was his manner and exterior, there was yet a shade of *humeur* in his greeting, though he warmly spoke his thanks to Col. Lenox and his daughter. Taller even than Linton, a form of perfect symmetry, features almost effeminate from their regularity, yet relieved from that imputation by the swarthy tinge of his complexion, acquired in service under the burning sun of India and in the campaigns of the Peninsula. His eyes were black as midnight, and his raven locks, curling naturally like his sisters, were tossed aside from his broad and noble brow. Linton thought as he gazed at him, he looked as though he were "born to rule in lordly halls."

Another person had also been a spectator of the scene—old Capt. Printhop, the Indian chief. At Eugenie's first exclamation he stepped forward, and now accounted for the appearance of the skeleton, relating the incident of Lady Melora's elopement, with which her daughter was already acquainted.

"After drawing the bolts from your mother's door, lady, I accompanied her to the side-door in the west corridor, where she discovered that she had forgotten her jewel casket. I returned, and after securing it, stopped to replace the fastenings of the door; I was thus surprised by the count, whose former suspicions were all revived. Reviling me for attempting to inveigle his daughter, he attacked me with fury. I fought in self-defence and for my life, and the blood of both flowed freely."

At last we stood upon the brink of the well! I struck his sword from his hand with my tomahawk; in stooping to recover it his foot slipped upon the bloody pavement, and he fell headlong into it. To alarm the garrison would have been to seal my death-warrant. I staunchly my flowing blood, and rushed forth to the door where the lady awaited me. Giving the sentinel at the wicket-gate a stunning blow, which laid him prostrate, we gained the beach in safety. Here we met Capt. Rainscourt with his canoe, and we were soon landed on the other side. In parting I received their thanks, and from that hour we met no more."

It was a strange tale, and no one listened to it with more intense interest than Julien Rainscourt.

The first moment they were alone Eugenie related the story of her nocturnal visitant, and although convinced that it was a dream, Julien examined with avidity the documents thus strangely brought to light.

A long autumnal storm detained the Rainscourts several days as the guests of Col. Lenox, during which time Julien could not but perceive the feeling existing between Capt. Linton and his sister, and his brow grew dark as he contemplated the possibility of an alliance with an American officer. But again, a growing admiration of the gentle character of Mary Lenox, as Eugenie had almost prophetically imagined, had led him to look more favorably upon the idea of having a Yankee brother-in-law. At length the storm was over, and as the calm, mild days of Indian summer succeeded our party visited the far-famed Niagara, and Eugenie and Julien gazed with wonder and awe, for the first time, upon its grandeur, beauty and sublimity.

"No common mind," said Graves, "can comprehend Niagara. I once heard an exquisite avow himself 'disgusted'; it was not to be compared with the natural bridge of Virginia! As well institute a comparison between the Pyramids and St. Peters."

On their return Julien avowed the impossibility of a longer stay, as he must join his regiment.

"I quite forgot to tell you, Eugenie, that your old admirer and my dear cousin, Lord Edward Templeton, has effected an exchange into my regiment. We should be at Quebec to welcome him."

"Nay, Julien, I do not care to meet him; Lord Edward was never a favorite of mine."

"But he is the son of our father's sweet sister; and, if I mistake not, the noble marquis, his father, has set his heart upon the alliance."

"Oh, Julien, do not jest with me upon such a subject, I cannot think of it without a shudder. Surely my father will not force the inclination of his child?"

"Your father will never consent to your becoming the wife of an American officer; one whom present circumstances render it too probable will soon be arrayed as the enemy of your country and your brother. Eugenie, I have noted this attachment, and beg you to dismiss it as folly."

But even as Julien spoke the consciousness of half a kindred folly in his own heart checked further reproach.

As he turned away Graves entered to propose that a party from the fort should accompany them as far as York, now known as Toronto. It was soon arranged that Misses Lenox, Butler and Wilton, a brother of Miss Wilton, Graves and Linton should bear them company in a small vessel procured for the purpose.

CHAPTER VI.

When those we love are absent—far away,
When those we love have met some hapless fate,
How pours the heart its lone and plaintive lay,
As the wood-songster mourns her stolen mate!
Alas! the summer bower—how desolate!
The winter hearth—how dim its fire appears!
While the pale memories of by-gone years
Around our thoughts like spectral shadows wait.
—Percy Benjamin.

It was a night of unclouded moonlight upon the clear, calm waters as the party were grouped about the deck. Eugenie had only this evening with her lover ere their separation, and they again renewed their promises of unchanging fidelity. "Even if your father should withhold his consent, Eugenie?"

"I will never marry another, dear Charles, but I dare not promise to be yours in spite of parental authority—witness my mother's history."

And Linton was obliged to content himself with this condition.

Eugenie was the bearer of a letter to her father. "We can only hope," said she; "it were folly to cloud this last evening with sorrowful forebodings." Thus dismissing all that could bedim their hopes, they were happy.

Upon the other side of the vessel stood another pair—apparently absorbed in contemplation of the moonlit lake, and Mary Lenox, inspired by the scene, broke forth, as was her wont, in a strain of improvisation that bespoke the enthusiasm of her nature. "How my heart overflows with love for these beautiful objects!" she exclaimed, in conclusion. "Can anything be more glorious than this noble lake, or more majestic than Niagara—our country's boast and wonder?"

"Or more lovely than its daughters," responded Julien; "is your heart so full of adoration for the sublimity of nature that it can admit of no other love to share? Will not Miss Lenox, whose spirit overflows with kindness towards the whole inanimate creation, bid a despairing lover hope?"

Surprise, and for a moment a doubt of the sincerity of this address, withheld her from replying; but in an instant after Mary Lenox was herself again, and withdrawing her hand, she said with her own gentle dignity:

"No, Miss Lenox cannot bid Major Rainscourt hope; she does reject the suit of a chance acquaintance of a week, whose every word almost contains a covert sarcasm either upon her country or upon its sons."

"But not upon its daughters, though they might

well deserve the imputation of being cold-hearted triflers, Miss Lenox," rejoined he, as he bowed haughtily and strode away. A frown gathered darkly upon his brow as he muttered between his clenched teeth, "Have I, has Julien Rainscourt lived to hear himself rejected by woman's lip? and she a Yankee?—'tis passing credence," and with a bitter laugh he stood beside his sister.

The voyage was made in safety, and again Eugenie was pressed to the hearts of her parents. Many days were suffered to elapse before she gathered courage to deliver her lover's letter; and when she did it was with a sinking heart that she heard her father sternly speak his refusal and prohibit all future intercourse. Julien, too, had grown strangely bitter, and would almost tauntingly allude to her "predilection for the Yankees," as he now delighted to call them, one and all. Eugenie drooped daily. As autumn deepened into winter she grew more sad, and she shrank more and more from the loverlike attentions of her cousin, Lord Edward.

But to return to Linton, who parted from the lady of his love with sad misgivings in regard to the future, and more of fear than hope for the success of his suit. It was in melancholy mood enough that he returned to his former duties and amusements. The lingering beauty of those Indian summer days, with their gold and purple haze, had passed away, and cheerless November wore its most dreary aspect. One day, while pursuing his lonely course homeward through the forest, after having passed several hours at his once favorite amusement of hunting, he met Rose Printhop, from whom he learned with new terror that her brother was not killed, as they had surmised and even hoped, by his fall at the eddy on the night of the encounter. He had been carried away by his followers, his wounds had been properly cared for, and now being fully recovered, he had resumed his projects of revenge.

"My brother make very good white man," Rose said in her imperfect English; "he have very fine coat, speak fine English, look like captain, not you, but young English captain, her brother, so dark, so wild; he go now to Montreal."

"To Montreal! Rose, is this true?"

"Yes, he tell me, to kill her, and I know you very much love her, so I try to save your wife, then I want to die," said she, sadly.

"You are too sad, my poor Rose; you will live many years yet, and be the wife of some brave chief," rejoined Linton, now noticing the girl's altered looks for the first time.

"No, me no marry Indian now; me never be wife to any man!" and she abruptly left him with all his fears awakened. Although no answer had ever reached him from Gen. Rainscourt, he could not doubt that some reply had been dispatched; for it was due under any circumstances from one gentleman to another, and he could not for a moment believe the general would fail in any gentlemanlike observance. In the meantime Eugenie's life might be endangered from the determined character of the vengeance the savage meditated. He now knew how much she might be exposed from the very feeling of security that her own home afforded, and the presumed death of her persecutor.

Before reaching his quarters his resolution was taken. He would obtain a brief furlough, and by a visit to her father's house end at once his torturing fears for her future safety and his own suspense.

CHAPTER VII.

Say, what is woman's heart? a thing where all the deepest feelings spring;
A harp whose tender chords reply unto the touch in harmony
What is its love? a careless stream, a changeless star,
An endless dream;
A smiling flower that will not die, a beauty, and a mystery.—Anonymous.

It was the afternoon of a cold dreary day, just before Christmas; the snow had covered the earth with its white mantle, and the sleighbells were making merry music in all the streets. Eugenie sat, musing despondingly before the fire, in a richly furnished drawing-room.

"Why do you not go with your cousin?" asked her mother; "the sleighing is so fine, you would both enjoy the party; it would raise your spirits, too, love."

"Indeed, my dear madam, I have exerted all my eloquence in vain. My fair cousin will not be persuaded, but is determined to sit 'pining in green and yellow melancholy,' solely the effect, I am sure, of her forced sojourn so long in Yankee-land; for two years since, when we parted at London, she was the merriest little sprite I ever knew."

"My determination to remain at home, mamma, need not deprive Lord Edward of the projected pleasure, as he is already pledged to give his attendance," said Eugenie, constrainedly, "and I do shrink from the cold and the night air, and—"

"I will not urge Miss Rainscourt to turn aside from her own wishes to do me a pleasure," interrupted Lord Edward, coldly bowing his adieux to the ladies; "nor, by my faith," thought he, as he closed the door, "will I waste further sighs upon a loveless damsel, who has probably given her heart to the young Yankee who effected the romance of her delivery from savage thralldom. Julien tells me that he is by no means ill-looking, and withal quite courteous."

Lady Rainscourt sat but a moment gazing on the saddened face of her daughter; she then rose and directed her steps towards the library where the general was sitting. "My dear husband," she said, "are we to see our daughter, our only one, our idolized and last, pine away the years of her glad youth under the blight of disappointment? Or if it be not so, do you not fear that by our course a spirit may be awakened within her that will lead to some act of rashness, even like her mother's, to embitter all her future years with unavailing regrets? Would it not be better to sacrifice pride and nationality to your daughter's happiness?"

"I have been thinking much upon the subject, and if the sacrifice must be made we will do it with the best grace we can," was the response, uttered

in kind tones. "There is, it is true, some similarity between these circumstances and those of our early years; yet will not my wife do me the justice to say that the husband of her youthful choice has never given her cause to regret having left the home of a stern father?"

"Never, believe me; but to my clandestine flight may we not in some way impute the still unexplained disappearance of that father, to whom, stern though he was, a daughter's obedience was yet due? And oh! Everard, is it all superstition that inclines me to believe that the successive deaths of our firstborn children were but a punishment for that very act?"

"Wherefore let your thoughts rest upon that crime, if it could be called such, of your youth, to which I was the inciter, therefore the first criminal? Surely Heaven has witnessed your repentance, and in our brave and noble boy, and in our beautiful and gentle Eugenie, who is the bright image of yourself when you first became my bride, has given living seals that pardon is accorded. Go to our daughter, reason with her and comfort her; in the meantime I will reflect upon our present conversation: at all events, I will not mar her happiness."

"My dearest child," said Lady Rainscourt, seating herself near her daughter, who still sat beside the fire, "I begin to feel myself unpardonably culpable in so long withholding from you the particulars of my early life; and now that they may prove in some sort a warning to you under similar circumstances, I think it my duty to narrate them to you, however painful may be the remembrance. I refer to my marriage."

"My dear mother, I know it all, far more than you can tell me—all, in fact; and nothing but the fear of paining you prevented Julien and myself repeating the strange story to you directly after our return home." Producing the packet, Eugenie ran over the circumstances attending its discovery, the disclosures of the well, the narration of the Indian, all of which strongly affected her mother; nor did Gen. Rainscourt, upon hearing the rapid details, fail to evince strong emotion.

Eugenie withdrew within the deep embrasure of a window, to prevent her presence being a restraint upon the excited feelings of either parent. She stood gazing upon the passers-by, the gathering shades of twilight not yet preventing her distinctly seeing them. Something like a laugh escaped her as a tall figure, immersed in cloak and furs, in endeavoring to recover his foothold upon the slippery pavement, fell in spite of every effort, though gallantly enough upon one knee, directly in front of the window. One other glance and the laugh was exchanged for a joyful exclamation. Her father joined her, and the mantling flush upon her cheek and brow told sooner than her words the stranger's name. "My future son-in-law, is it not, my daughter, kneeling for his father's blessing?" and he hastened to the door and met Linton, who had just ascended the steps, with outstretched hand.

Delighted with his reception, warmly welcomed by Eugenie and her mother, and Julien, with his ready sneer, being absent with his regiment, Linton that evening appeared in the quiet family circle to the greatest possible advantage. Manly, intelligent and gentlemanlike, he could not fail to impress an unprejudiced stranger favorably; and when they parted at a late hour Gen. Rainscourt no longer withheld his consent to his daughter's union with an untitled American, and he felt himself rewarded in observing the renewed bloom upon her cheek and the awakened lustre of her dark eyes.

After a few happy days with Eugenie, and many a caution of watchfulness against young Printhrop, Linton departed, with the understanding that the ensuing summer was to witness his return to claim the hand of his beloved.

CHAPTER VIII.

Love is ever busy with his shuttle,
Is ever weaving into life's dull warp
Bright, gorgeous flowers and scenes Arcadian;
Hanging our gloomy prison-house about
With tapestries, that make its walls dilate
In never-ending vistas of delight.

—Longfellow.

NEARLY at the close of a bright June day there landed from a little schooner in the harbor of York two gentlemen in the undress uniform of the United States army.

"By all the horned gods, Charlie, here is some strange hubbub, and, if I mistake not, indubitable signs of war. They take us for invaders of the Province, or deem us bearers of the official declaration of war, instead of peaceful citizens bound on an errand of love," said Graves.

"Indeed, I fear there is more in this than meets the eye; everything seems to be in war array, Capt. Graves."

"Yes; we must invoke Mars, Bellona and all the other warlike gods and goddesses, for we shall need their aid; but fortunately for our dilemma here comes a British officer, who is, do you see, Charlie, none other than our lofty acquaintance and your brother in expectancy, Major Rainscourt himself."

And it was indeed Julien, who advanced and greeted them in the most friendly manner possible.

"But how is this? When did you leave Fort Niagara?" interrogated he.

"On Wednesday morning, but we were driven back by a storm and obliged to take shelter in Iron-dequoit Bay," replied Linton.

"You just missed, then, the official declaration of war, which reached there that night, although we did not receive the news until yesterday. We are busy, you see, in warlike preparations."

"It was no more than I expected," returned Linton; "and yet I hoped to reach Montreal before it actually went forth to the world."

"It would have proved a bootless journey, brother mine that was to be, as my father avows that the marriage cannot take place at such a juncture, unless Capt. Linton resigned his commission and

retired to private life—a sacrifice he could not ask, and which no man of honor would allow himself to think of for a moment. Eugenie, with many tears, notified you of this determination, but you must have mislaid the letter upon your long passage. Upon my word, you have my sympathy, but there is no help for it, my dear fellow. The parental fiat has gone forth, and your union is indefinitely postponed—at least, until the adjustment of these difficulties."

Under existing circumstances, the departure of our travellers had to be as speedy as possible, and on the following morning, the permission therefor having been obtained by Julien, he accompanied them to the place of embarkation.

"Farewell," said he, as he wrung Linton's hand, "we part as brothers; when we next meet it may be with sword in hand on the battlefield. Commend me to your fair patriot, Miss Lenox; say that I was rather hasty at our last meeting, for which I pray her pardon, and although we may not meet as friends, let us be fair enemies."

"I did him wrong," commented Graves, as the vessel weighed anchor, "he is a noble fellow, and my little favorite, Mary, was far too quick in her rejection of his suit, notwithstanding it was somewhat hastily urged."

"How so, Graves? Major Rainscourt solicited the hand of Mary Lenox?"

"Now, you could not evince more amazement had the proposal come from the King of Mysore or his sublime majesty the Ottoman Sultan, but it was even as I tell you. It was on our trip to York, as you were elsewhere engaged, I unintentionally played eavesdropper. But little Mary did the thing in fine style—with the dignity of a duchess or of Miss Walton herself."

As if the foreboding of Julien at parting were indeed prophetic, their next meeting was at Queenston heights, in the heat of battle. Linton saw an Indian engaged with a British officer, who had fallen with his dying horse, and lay unable to extricate himself, though he continued to ward off the blows. Observing that he was quite exhausted in maintaining so unequal a combat, Linton rushed to the rescue, and came up just in time to dash aside the blow that was aimed at the life of the prostrate Julien.

"For shame, man! Would you strike a fallen foe?"

The Indian raised his head, and showed the dark face of young Printhrop, rendered still darker by fierce and vindictive feeling.

"Yes, and you, too!" cried he, dashing furiously upon Linton.

A brief but most desperate struggle ensued. The strength and alertness of the Indian, and his burning thirst for vengeance, which had long been baffled, made him a dangerous assailant, and for a time the result seemed doubtful. But the coolness, skill and bravery of the young American proved victorious, and the Indian at last was stretched lifeless upon the turf. Linton gazed at him a moment in silence, then turned aside to grasp the hand of Julien, assisting him to rise.

"My brother," said Julien, "this day has made me largely your debtor, not for life alone, but for the peace of a whole family. My sister is now safe and relieved from a danger that constantly threatened her. There lies my life enemy, made such by a bitter, thoughtless, vaunting word, lightly uttered and soon forgotten. This sarcastic spirit has ever been my bane. It has alienated the friends of my manhood, it has shut out my heart from the resting-place it might otherwise have found, and it has steeled the gentlest bosom against my advances for ever. I curb it from this hour."

A long speech for a battlefield, but almost as soon as it was ended Linton was gone, and Julien, being severely wounded, was assisted off the ground.

The war had been for some time ended and all again was peace. A bridal party was assembled at Gen. Rainscourt's mansion at Montreal. Eugenie is there in her bridal attire, looking lovelier than ever, with the orange wreaths mingling with her raven curls, and the bridal veil falling gracefully over her shoulders. Her dress of pearly white sets off the enchanting beauty of her form, and her fairy feet, to which Graves avers she is indebted for her husband, were encased in dainty slippers of snowy satin. The little circlet of gold announces that she has already given her troth for weal or woe where her heart has so long since found a home. We are too late for the wedding, fair reader, but we will make amends by taking a survey of the assembly. But we forgot the bridegroom, our favorite, Major Linton. The years that have passed since last we met have deepened the tinge upon his cheek, and his form is fuller and more manly. He has fought and bled for his country, and gained a name among her brave defenders, and behold here is his reward.

Gen. and Lady Rainscourt are looking with satisfaction upon the happiness of their children, for Julien, too, is there, his lofty stature and commanding air appearing to great advantage in his rich uniform. His manly beauty is now enhanced by perfect courtesy of bearing towards all, and his manners assume even a winning softness as he bends towards the lady who hangs upon his arm. She, too, is arrayed in spotless white, and the newness of the gloss upon those robes announce her a bride. Our old friend, even the gentle Mary Lenox, is now the wife of Major Rainscourt, however haughtily we have seen her reject his suit some three years since.

The chances of war found Col. Lenox and his family prisoners, and Gen. Rainscourt, but too happy to repay the kindness rendered Eugenie, insisted upon their making his house their home during their forced sojourn among them. Julien, most opportunely, as those things always occur, was among the list of wounded at the battle of Queenston, and he was borne home to complete his recovery. From his newly-formed resolution to suppress his proclivity to sarcasm, he had found

time and opportunity for ingratiating himself into the favor of Mary, who, once more "fancy free," could now appreciate all the excellencies of his really noble character. The conclusion of the war left Col. Lenox and his family at liberty, and Julien begged leave to escort them home. Again the two stood upon the vessel's deck as it glided over that same moonlit lake, and this time Julien less abruptly and more humbly urged his suit. Mary's answer, although given in a less self-possessed tone, was no longer in the negative. They were soon married, and were but just arrived to be present at the ceremony which united Linton to Eugenie.

"A fair exchange," said the Governor-General, who was one of the guests. "Though our nation loses one of her fairest daughters, she has gained one not less lovely from the country so lately an enemy, but whose gallant sons we are most happy to rank among our friends."

There remains but one whose fate may interest our readers, the kind-hearted and gallant, but somewhat rough soldier, Capt. Graves.

"Ho! Benedict, the married man! Thou who couldst face danger at the cannon's mouth, pray how did you gain courage to propose where none could hope to win?" rallied Linton, as our bridal party, making a tour of the States, met him at Washington, accompanied by the stately Minerva, who was now Mrs. Major Graves.

SIEGE OF CHARLESTON.

WE give in this number, a variety of sketches from our Special Artist with Gen. Gillmore, chiefly of localities on Sullivan's island, now a main point of interest. The central group is a scene on Morris Island, showing the regulation to prevent straggling. The steamer to the left is the Augustus Dismore, the flagship of Admiral Dahlgren. The other sketches show two rebel batteries on Sullivan's island and the rebel camp on the island near Battery Bee. For. Moultrie is seen as it appears from Morris Island. The batteries in the centre and on the right are new. The wreck to the left of the Lookout is that of the Isaac Smith. Another sketch shows the wrecks of blockaders that line the shore of that island. That nearest to the battery on the left is the Beauregard; after the next, which is unknown, come the Stonewall Jackson and Georgiana.

ATTACK ON SABINE PASS,

Sept. 9, 1863.

THE movement made at last to occupy and hold Texas seems to have been conceived in the same blundering spirit which has hitherto made Texas, in our military annals, synonymous with disaster and disgrace. One of the objects of the expedition was to take Sabine City, and on the 4th Sept. Gen. Franklin and Gen. Weitzel proceeded to the Pass, and prepared to enter and land their troops as soon as the enemy's batteries were silenced. The strength and position of these was known, the Pass having been in our hands last year, yet the only preparation for attack was to send the Clifton, an old State Island ferryboat, and the Sachem, an inferior propeller, to attack the batteries, putting on them about 100 sharpshooters. The vessels advanced firing, but without eliciting a reply till they were well in range, when the batteries opened, the Sachem was soon crippled and forced to strike, while a shell penetrated the boiler of the Clifton, causing an explosion that made her a perfect wreck. Many, of course, were killed in the action and by the explosion; some few escaped, but nearly all that survived were made prisoners. On this fatal result, Gen. Franklin returned with his expedition to New Orleans.

GEN. SAMUEL COOPER,

Adjutant-General of the Confederate Army.

GEN. COOPER, though from his position comparatively untried in the operations of the rebel armies, was nevertheless so highly esteemed that he was one of the first created Gen. in the highest rank in their army. His career in the United States army was creditable, and his desertion not easily explained. He entered West Point as a cadet from New York, in May, 1813, and in 1816 was made brevet 2d Lieutenant in the Light Artillery. In 1821, by the slow promotion of those days, he became 1st Lieutenant, and after being Aide-de-Camp to Maj.-Gen. Macomb, was made brevet Captain for ten years faithful service in July, 1831, and Captain in 1836. He was Assistant Adjutant-General of the army from July 7, 1838 till July 15, 1842, when he became Adjutant-General of the army, with the rank of Colonel. As a military author he is known by a "Coastal System of Instruction for the Militia and Volunteers of the United States," published in Philadelphia, in 1836.

CURIOUS REBEL CARICATURE.

AMONG a series of Southern sketches by an officer in Gen. Bragg's army, which have fallen into our hands, and afforded interesting scenes to our readers, is a satirical sketch, which we engrave to-day, and which represents a scene that met the artist's eye in the movements that resulted in the battle of Murfreesboro'. On it is written: "Driving in our Cavalry under Gens. Wheeler and Wharton, who slowly fell back, gallantly contesting every foot of the way."—Daily Rebel Banner, Dec. 25, 1862; and the officer evidently designed to give up a striking illustration of Southern official reports by showing the gallant contest as he saw it. Our readers will gaze with interest on the fierce struggle made by the chivalrous defenders of the sacred soil of Southerndom.

THE SLAUGHTERHOUSES IN NEW YORK.

THE Hon. Daniel E. Delevan has long urged a reform in the New York slaughterhouses, and we are happy to learn that Mr. Boole, with characteristic energy, has just taken the matter up, and hopes to cause the removal of all slaughterhouses from the city proper, and the establishment of one large, well-regulated abattoir, like those of Paris.

To give the public some idea of the necessity of a reform in this matter, we present actual sketches made in several of the slaughterhouses, which will give an idea, bad enough, it would seem, but inadequate, because there are some things which can be felt and perceived but not portrayed. The overcrowded cattle, the calves heaped on each other, smothering and sickening, as once prepare us for unhealthful meat. Besides this, the confined yards into which they are driven, often through the narrowest of gates, where they crush and bruise each other, present pictures reminding us of what we had to expose in the war on the swill-milk nuisance. The

animals are covered with filth, crowded so actually on each other, that in some cases, especially of swine, it is not easy to discover the lower tier. The brutal and often torturing method of killing, the filth and utter want of tidiness in the dressing of the meat, and in handling it for the market are inconceivable; and, for want of proper supervision and checks, immense quantities of unhealthy meat must be constantly sent to the markets and eaters.

Our series of views show: 1st. A slaughterhouse in Twelfth street, and the alley adjacent, full of dead dogs and offal of every kind, the children of the neighborhood playing in all the filth. 2. Driving cattle through the streets, often maddened by ill-usage. 3 and 4. Average cattle and swine yards, with their accumulated filth. 5. The mode of hanging calves, not certainly tending to improve the flavor of the meat. Our Artist assures us that a visit to these places will make the most devoted beefsteak a vegetarian for a month at least.

THE SWISS SCHUETZENFEST AT JONES'S WOOD.

A SCHUETZENFEST similar to those which annually take place in Switzerland was projected some time since by natives of that country in this city, for the purpose of raising a fund to relieve the families of Swiss soldiers killed in our armies during the war. It began at Jones's Wood on the 16th, and every preparation made to render it a success. It was attended not only by Swiss but by Germans and others.

The front entrance was adorned with a large arch, and the grounds dressed with flags of all nations. The prizes were neatly arranged in a little temple in the rear of the shooting hall. They numbered several hundred, and varied greatly, ranging from a napkin to a cradle.

The shooting gallery, which we also show, within and without, was adorned with the arms of the Cantons of Switzerland.

President Hungerbühler presided over the exercises. Two targets, Switzerland and Liberty, had the largest prizes, and a shot was charged at \$5; while at the other targets it was only 10 cents.

The targets were removed and marked after each shot by professional markers, and the proximity of the shots to the centre tested by the committee with a machine made for the purpose.

The highest prize at the target Switzerland—\$100—was won by Mr. Rudolph Fasn, of Providence; that at the target Liberty, a silver plate, cup and pitcher, presented by the celebrated singing society Arion, by Mr. Fr. Baumgarten.

The prizes were distributed on Monday, Sept. 21, and the festival ended with a ball and a concert by the Arion Club.

MADAME GIUSEPPINA MEDORI.

ALWAYS anxious to present to our readers the notables of the day, we this week give a very fine portrait, after a photograph by Anthony, of Madame Medori, the prima donna soprano of Maretzek's opera company this season. From her past success, she is likely to be a favorite with the frequenters of the Academy of Music, here and in Brooklyn. The operas in which she may be expected to appear are "Irene," "Lucia di Borga," "Roberto Devereux," "Macbeth," etc.

DANIEL E. BANDMANN, TRAGEDIAN.

DANIEL E. BANDMANN, whose almost unprecedented success at Niblo's has rendered him a subject of popular adulation and curiosity, was born at Heese Cassel, in the year 1837. He early developed dramatic instincts, and at the age of 12 wrote a sketch for school exhibition entitled, "Adam and Eve," which he and his fellow scholars performed with considerable success. In 1853 his family emigrated to this country, when Mr. Bandmann was apprenticed to Mark Banks, of 17 Cedar street, whose strict discipline possibly formed Mr. Bandmann's present habits of severe industry and exemplary perseverance. About this time he joined the Turners Association, but being too young to be admitted as a performer in their private theatricals, he organized a minor association. He then played at the Staats Theatre and failed. Then, on the advice of Mr. Hoym, he engaged at the minor German Theatre of Philadelphia, and a few months afterwards, at Mr. Hoym's solicitation, he returned to the Staats, in New York, where he played eight months, when he visited his native land, to study his art. He first appeared at the Curt Theatre of New Strelitz; was engaged for utility, but his ability procured him the patronage of the Duchess of Mecklenburg, who issued a command for his benefit. He then played at Prague, starred at Graz, was approved by the great German critic Holke, recommended by him to Vienna, thence proceeded to star at Temevar, Pesth and Presburg. At Presburg he was taken sick, and returned to this country on a visit to his parents. For 16 months he was unable to continue his professional exertions, but on his recovery he appeared as a star at the Staats Theatre, where he attracted the attention of Mr. House, then of the Tribune, under whose auspices he appeared on the American stage, and is now established as one of the stars of our dramatic hemisphere.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

FORMERLY in a town in this neighborhood a certain doctor was choir-leader. One morning the hymn given out by the minister commenced with the following line:

"With hyssop purge thy servant, Lord."

The doctor pitched the tune, and led off; but broke down before finishing the line. He tried a second and third time with the same result, when a wag on the groundfloor rose in his pew, and turning his face upward to the choir, exclaimed:

"Try some other air, doctor!"

"WHY, Mr. B.," said a tall youth to a little person, who was in company with half a dozen huge men, "I protest you are so small I did not see you before."

"Very likely," replied the little gentleman; "I'm like a sixpence among six copper cents, not readily perceived, but worth the whole of them."

A COLLEGE student being examined in Locke, where he speaks of our relations to the Deity, was asked:

"What relations do we most regret?"

He answered with much simplicity:

"Poor relations."

AN old bachelor of our acquaintance says he doesn't wonder that married men over 35 years of age are placed in the second-class conscripts under the new Conscription law. They have suffered enough for their country.

FORTUNE-HUNTER at the Springs marries the West India heiress. Regular take-n. Heiress says earthquake has swallowed every rupee of her estate, leaving her nothing but a lively trust in her husband's affections.

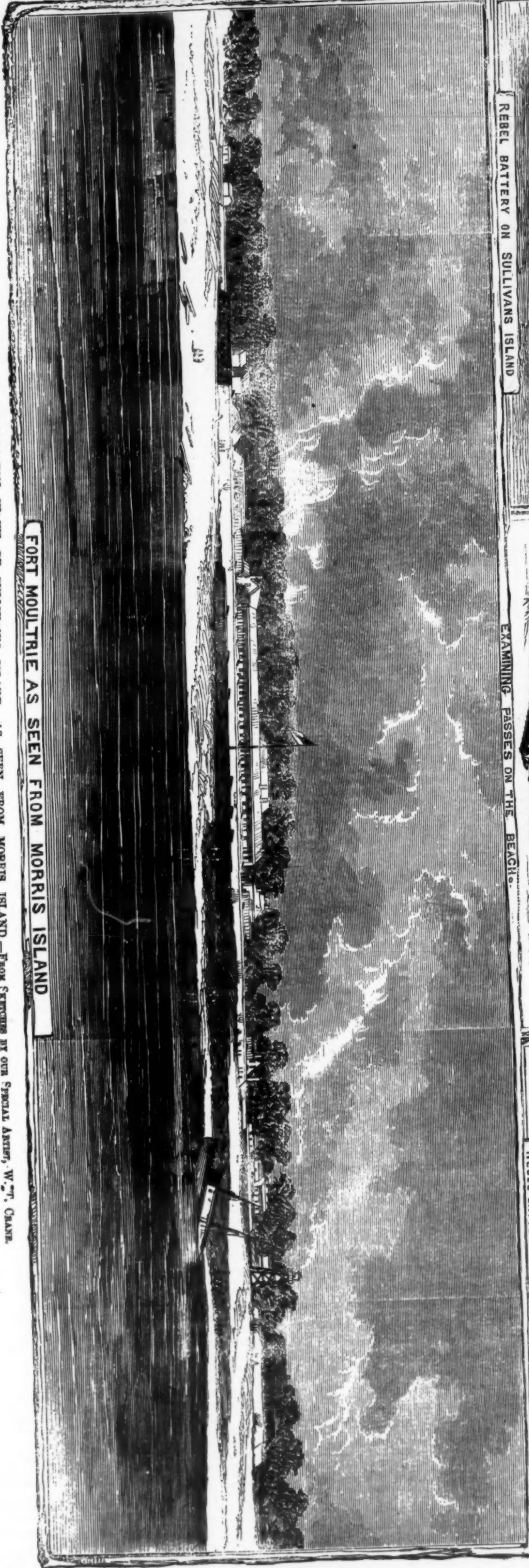
"Won't you cut open a penny for me, father?" said a little girl, when she came home from school one day.

"Cut open a penny! What do you want me to do that for?" asked her father.

"Cause," said the little girl, "our teacher says that in every penny there are four farthings, and I want to see them."

SIEGE OF CHARLESTON.—VIEWS OF SULLIVAN'S ISLAND, AS SEEN FROM MORRIS ISLAND.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CHASE.

FORT MOULTRIE AS SEEN FROM MORRIS ISLAND



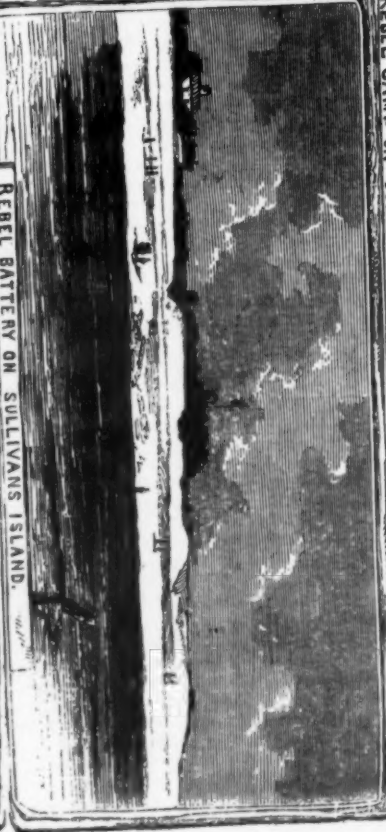
REBEL BATTERY ON SULLIVAN'S ISLAND



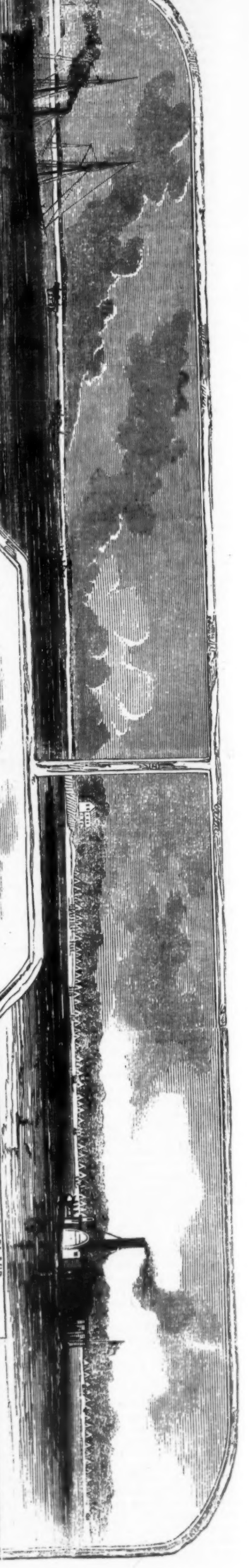
EXAMINING PASSES ON THE BEACH.



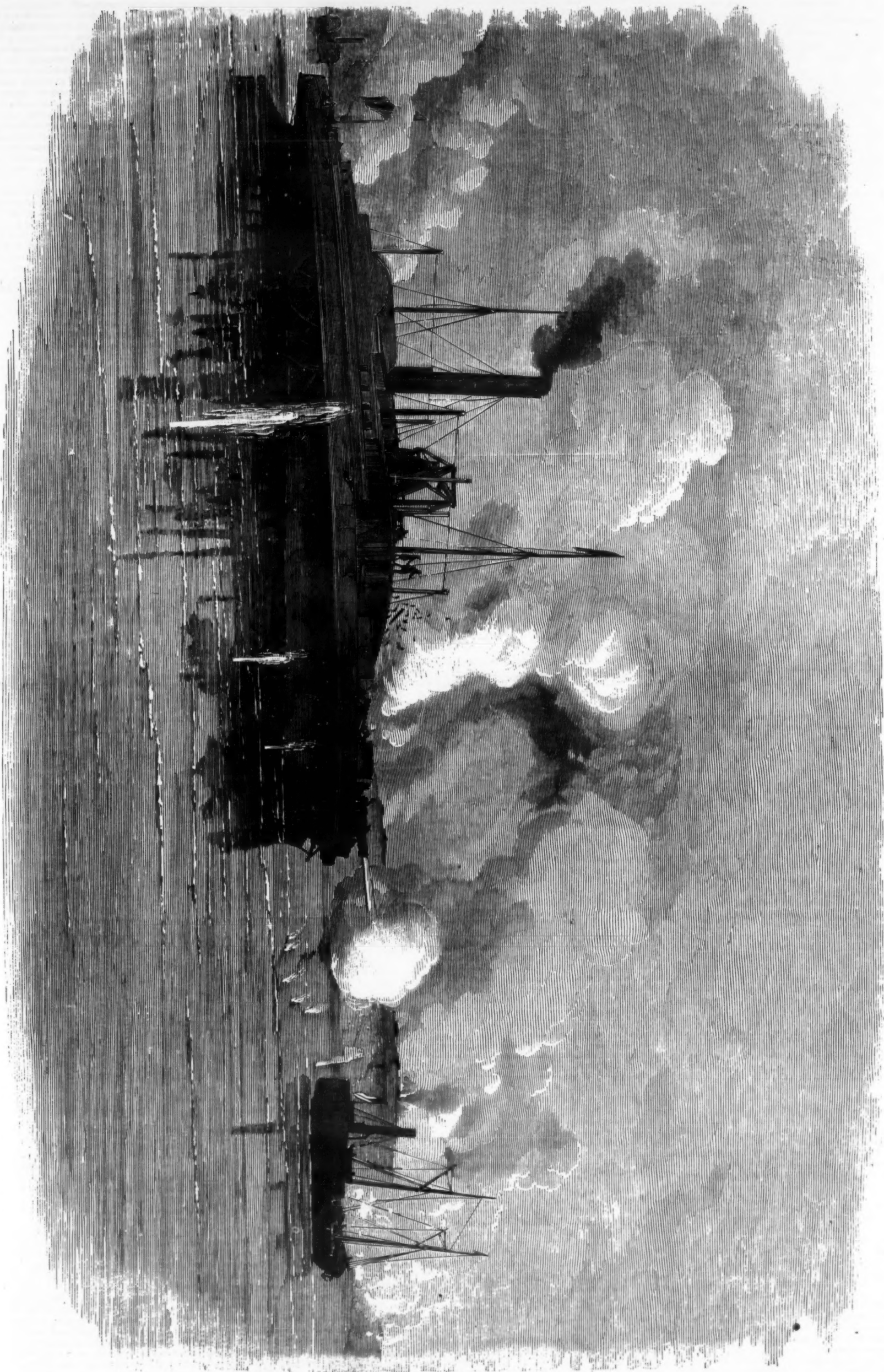
REBEL BATTERY ON SULLIVAN'S ISLAND.



REBEL CAMP ON SULLIVAN'S ISLAND.



THE WAR IN TEXAS—DISEMBLING AND CAPTURE OF THE UNION GUNBOATS SACHEM AND CLIFTON IN THE ATTACK ON SABINE PASS, TEXAS, SEPT. 8.—FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER.



THE NOONDAY STREET.

BY CHARLES D. GARDETTE.

I WALKED the city's noonday street,
Wrapt in a veil of idle thought,
That oft betrayed my careless feet
To wander from the path I sought.

In silken rustlings, to and fro,
The flock of fashion fluttered there;
And woman's laugh, of silver flow,
With fragrant ripples stirred the air.

The sun shone glanced on gem and gold,
Along the causeway's glittering side;
While o'er its echoing centre rolled
Full many an equipage of pride.

I strayed, and knew not where I strayed;
Till, sudden, on my heart a pain—
And on my path there fell a shade
That rent my veil of thought in twain.

I looked, and lo! the vision grew
To life! I stood beneath an arch,
And saw them passing, two by two,
And heard the echoes of their march.

They bore two torn and blood-stained flags;
No silken vesture, gold, nor gem:
Their battle trophies and their rags
Were all the sun might gild for them!

Scarred, crippled, crutched, they onward
prest,
With music whose firm measure made
Their tottering step a bitter jest:
They passed! Once more I onward
strayed.

They passed: I loitered in their path:
They toiled the throngs of fashion through:
Not one of those, methought, but hath
From all of these a life debt due!

They passed: afar I followed them,
Walking the noonday street once more—
The laugh still rang! on gold and gem
The sun still glittered as before!

ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD," "LADY AUDLEY'S
SECRET," "LADY LISLE," "JOHN
MARCHMONT'S LEGACY," ETC.

CHAPTER XLII.—MARGARET LENNARD'S DELIN-
QUENCIES.

MRS. MAJOR LENNARD was very kind to Eleanor, and if kindness and friendliness on the part of her employers could have made Mrs. Monckton comfortable, she might have been entirely so in her new position.

But comfort was a noun substantive whose very meaning must, I think, have been utterly incomprehensible to Major and Mrs. Lennard. They had married very young; had started in life all wrong, and had remained in a perpetual state of muddle, both mental and physical, ever since. They were like two children who had played at being grown up people for twenty years or so, and who were as entirely childish in their play now as they had been at the very beginning. To live with them was to exist in an atmosphere of bewilderment and confusion; to have any dealings whatever with them was to plunge at once into a chaos of disorder, out of which the clearest intellect could scarcely emerge without having suffered complete disorganization. The greatest misfortune of these two people was the likeness they bore to each other. Had Major Lennard been a man of vigorous intellect and strong will, or had he been merely possessed of the average allowance of common sense, he might have ruled his wife, and introduced some element of order into his existence. On the other hand, if Mrs. Lennard had been a sensible woman she would no doubt have henpecked her husband, and would have rescued the good-natured soldier from a hundred follies by a well-timed frown, or a snappy matronly nudge, as the occasion might demand.

But they were both alike. They were two overgrown children of forty years of age, and they looked upon the world as a great playroom, whose inhabitants had no better occupation than to find amusement and shirk the schoolmaster. They were generous and kind-hearted to a degree that, in the opinion of their wiser acquaintance, bordered upon foolishness. They were imposed upon on every side, and had been imposed upon during twenty years, without acquiring any moral wealth in the way of wisdom from their very costly experience. The major had within the last twelve months left the army on half-pay, on the death of a maiden aunt who had left him eight hundred a year. Up to the date of receiving this welcome legacy, the soldier and his wife had been compelled to exist upon Major Lennard's pay, eked out by the help of stray benefactions which he received from time to time from his rich relatives. The family to which the pious officer belonged was very numerous and aristocratic, owing as its chief a marquise, who was uncle to the major.

So the two big children had decided upon enjoying themselves very much for the rest of their days, and as a commencement of this new life of idleness and enjoyment, Major Lennard had brought his wife to Paris, whence they were to go to Baden-Baden, to meet some of the major's aristocratic cousins.

"He might come in for the title himself, if, dear," Mrs. Lennard told Eleanor, "if seventeen of his first cousins and first cousins once removed

would die. But, as I told poor papa, when he grumbled at my marrying so badly, you can't expect seventeen cousins to go off all in a minute, just to oblige us by making Freddy a marquise."

Perhaps nothing could have been happier for Eleanor than this life of confusion, this scrambling and unsettled existence, in which the mind was kept in a tumult by trifling cares and agitations, for in this perpetual disorganization of her intellect the lonely girl had no time to think of her own troubles, or of the isolated position she had chosen for herself. It was only at night, when she went to bed, in a small apartment very high up in the Hotel du Palais, and about a quarter of an hour's walk from the chamber of the major and his wife, that she had time to think of Launcelot Darrell's triumph and her husband's unjust suspicions; and even then she could rarely brood very long upon her troubles, for she was generally exhausted alike in mind and body by the confusion and excitement of the day, and more likely to fall asleep and dream of her sorrows than to lie awake and think of them.

Those dreams were more troublesome to her than all the bewilderment of the day, for in them she was perpetually renewing the old struggle with Launcelot Darrell, perpetually upon the eve of victory, but never quite victorious.

The major lingered in Paris much longer than he had intended, for the big children found the city of boulevards a most delightful playground, and frittered away a great deal of money upon expensive dinners at renowned restaurants, ices, opera tickets, new bonnets, Piver's gloves, Lubin's perfumes and coach hire.

They stopped at the Hotel du Palais, still acting on the major's theory, that the most expensive hotels are the cheapest—in the end. They dined occasionally at the *table d'hôte*, with two or three hundred companions, and wasted a great deal of time in the great saloons, playing at bagatelle, peering into stereoscopes, turning over the daily papers, reading stray paragraphs here and there, or poring over a chapter of romance in the *feuilleton*, until brought to a standstill by a disheartening abundance of difficult words.

After breakfast the major left his wife and her companion, either to loiter in the reading-room, to stroll about the great stone quadrangle smoking cigars, and drinking occasionally brandy and soda, or to read the English papers at Galignani's, or to wait for the post, or to meet a British acquaintance at Hill's café, or to stare at the raw young soldiers exercising in the courtyards of the Louvre, or the copper-faced Zouaves, who had done such wonderful work in the Crimea; or, perhaps, to stumble across some hoary-headed veteran who had fought under Napoleon I., to make friendly speeches to him in bad French, with every verb in a bewilderingly impossible tense, and to treat him to little glasses of pale Cognac.

Then Mrs. Lennard brought out her frame and her color-box, and her velvets and brushes, and all the rest of her implements, and plunged at once into a delightful pursuit of painting upon velvet, an accomplishment which this lady had only newly acquired in six lessons for a guinea during her last brief sojourn in London.

"The young person who taught me called herself Madame Ascanio de Brindisi—but, oh, Miss Villars, if ever there was a cockney in this world I think she was one—and she said in her advertisement that anybody could earn five pounds a week easy at this elegant and delightful occupation; but I'm sure I don't know how I should ever earn five pounds a week, Miss Villars, for I've been nearly a month at this sofa cushion, and it has cost five-and-thirty shillings already, and isn't finished yet, and the major doesn't like to see me work, and I'm obliged to do it while he's out, just as if it was a crime to paint upon velvet. If you would mend those gloves, dear, that are split across the thumb—and really Piver's gloves at four francs, five-and-twenty what's its name? oughtn't to do so, though the major says it's my fault, because I will buy six-and-a-quarters—I should be so much obliged." Mrs. Lennard added, entreatingly, as she seated herself at her work in one of the long windows. "I shall get on splendidly," she exclaimed, "if the Emperor doesn't go for a drive; but if he does, I must go and look at him—he's such a dear!"

Eleanor was very willing to make herself what the advertisements call "generally useful" to the lady who had engaged her. She was a very high-spirited girl, we know, quick to resent any insult, sensitive and proud; but she had no false pride. She felt no shame in doing what she had undertaken to do; and if, for her own convenience, she had taken the situation of a kitchenmaid, she would have performed the duties of that situation to the best of her ability. So she mended Mrs. Lennard's gloves, and darned that lady's delicate lace collars, and tried to infuse something like order into her toilette, and removed the damp ends of cigars, which was the major's habit to leave about upon every available piece of furniture, and made herself altogether so useful that Mrs. Lennard declared that she would henceforward be unable to live without her.

"But I know how it will be, you nasty provoking thing!" the major's wife exclaimed; "you'll go on in this way, and you'll make us fond of you, and just as we begin to doat upon you, you'll go and get married and leave us, and then I shall have to get another old frump, like Miss Pallister, who lived with me before you, and who never would do anything for me scarcely, but was always talking about belonging to a good family, and not being used to a life of dependence. I'm sure I used to wish she had belonged to a bad family. But I know it'll be so, just as we're most comfortable with you, you'll go and marry some horrid creature."

Eleanor blushed crimson as she shook her head.

"I don't think that's very likely," she said. "Ah! you say that," Mrs. Lennard answered, doubtfully, "but you can't convince me quite so easily. I know you'll go and marry; but you don't

know the troubles you may bring upon yourself if you marry young—as I did," added the lady, dropping her brush upon her work and breathing a profound sigh.

"Troubles, my dear Mrs. Lennard!" cried Eleanor. "Why it seems to me as if you never could have had any sorrow in your life."

"Seems, Hamlet!" exclaimed Mrs. Lennard, casting up her eyes tragically; "'nay, it is; I know not seems,' as the Queen says to Hamlet—or perhaps it's Hamlet says so to the Queen, but that doesn't matter. Oh, Miss Villars! my life might have been very happy perhaps, but for the blighting influence of my own crime—a crime that I can never atone for—nev-arr!"

Eleanor would have been quite alarmed by this speech, but for the tone of enjoyment with which Mrs. Lennard gave utterance to it. She had pushed aside her frame and huddled her brushes together upon the *table*; there was nothing but *buhl* and *ormolu*, and velvet pile and ebony, at the Hotel du Palais, and an honest mahogany chair, a scrap of Kidderminster carpet, or a dimity curtain would have been a relief to the overstrained intellect; and she sat with her hands clasped upon the edge of the table, and her light blue eyes fixed in a tragic rapture.

"Crime, Mrs. Lennard!" Eleanor repeated, in that tone of horrified surprise which was less prompted by actual terror, than by the feeling that some exclamation of the kind was demanded of her.

"Yes, my dear, ker—time! ker—time is not too harsh a word for the conduct of a woman who jilts the man that loves her on the very eve of the day appointed for the wedding, after a most elaborate trousseau has been prepared at his expense, to say nothing of heaps of gorgeous presents, and diamonds as plentiful as dirt, and elopes with another man. Nothing could be more dreadful than that, could it, Miss Villars?"

Eleanor felt that she was called upon to say that nothing could be more dreadful, and said so accordingly.

"Oh, don't despise me, then, or hate me, please, Miss Villars," cried Mrs. Lennard; "I know you'll feel inclined to do so, but don't. I did it—I did it! Miss Villars. But I'm not altogether such a wretch as I may seem to you. It was chiefly for my poor pa's sake—it was indeed."

Eleanor was quite at a loss to know how Mrs. Lennard's bad conduct to her affianced husband could have benefited that lady's father, and she said something to that effect.

"Why, you see, my dear, in order to explain that, I must go back to the very beginning, which was when I was at school."

As Mrs. Lennard evidently derived very great enjoyment from this kind of conversation, Eleanor was much too good-natured to discourage it; so the painting upon velvet was abandoned, for that morning at least, and the Major's wife gave a brief synopsis of her history for the benefit of Mrs. Monckton.

"You must know, my dear," Mrs. Lennard began, "my poor pa was a country gentleman; and he had once been very rich; or at least his family—and he belonged to a very old family, though not as aristocratic as the major's—had once been very rich; but somehow or other, through the extravagance of one and another, poor pa was dreadfully poor, and his estate, which was in Berkshire, was heavily—what's its name?—mortgaged."

Eleanor gave a slight start at the word "Berkshire," which did not escape Mrs. Lennard.

"You know Berkshire?" she said.

"Yes, some part of it."

"Well, my dear, as I said before, poor papa's estate was very heavily mortgaged, and he'd scarcely anything that he could call his own, except the rambling old country-house in which I was born; and beyond that he was awfully in debt, and in constant dread of his creditors sending him to prison, where he might have finished his days, for there wasn't the least possibility of his ever paying his debts by anything short of a miracle. Now of course all this was very sad. However, I was too young to know much about it, and papa sent me to a fashionable school at Bath where his sisters had gone when they were young, and where he knew he could get credit for my education to be finished."

Eleanor, hard at work at the split gloves, listened rather indifferently to this story, at first; but little by little she began to be interested in it, until at last she let her hands drop into her lap, and left off working, in order the better to attend to Mrs. Lennard's discourse.

"Well, Miss Villars, it was at that school that I met the ruling-star of my fate—that is to say, the major, who was then dreadfully young, without even the least pretence of whiskers, and always sitting in a pastrycook's-shop in the fashionable street eating strawberry ices. He had only just got his commission, and he was quartered at Bath with his regiment, and his sister Louisa was my schoolfellow at Miss Florathorne's, and he called one morning to see her, and I happened that very morning to be practising in the drawing-room, the consequence of which was that we met, and from that hour our destinies were sealed."

"I won't dwell upon our meetings, which Louisa managed for us, and which were generally dreadfully inconvenient, for Fred used to clamber up the garden wall by the toes of his boots—and he has told me since that the brickwork used to scratch off all the varnish, which of course made it dreadfully expensive—but what will not love endure?—and hook himself on, as it were; and it was in that position, with nothing of him visible below his chin, that he made me a most solemn offer of his hand and heart. I was young and foolish, Miss Villars, and I accepted him, without one thought of my poor papa, who was the most indulgent of parents, and who had always let me do everything I liked, and indeed owed upwards of fifty pounds, at a toyshop

in Windsor, for dolls and things that he'd bought me before I was grown up."

"Well, from that hour, Frederick and I were engaged, and he dropped a turquoise ring in among the bushes at the bottom of the garden the next morning, and Louisa and I had upwards of an hour's work to find it. We were engaged! But we were not long allowed to bask in the sunshine of requited affection, for a fortnight after this Frederick's regiment was ordered out to Malta, and I was wretched. I will pass over my wretchedness, which might not be interesting to you, Miss Villars, and I will only say that night after night my pillow was wet with tears, and that, but for Louisa's sympathy, I should have broken my heart. Frederick and I corresponded regularly under cover of Louisa, and that was my only comfort."

"By-and-bye, however, the time for my leaving school came—partly because I was seventeen years of age, and partly because papa couldn't settle Miss Florathorne's bills—and I went home to the old rambling house in Berkshire. Here I found everything at sixes and sevens, and poor papa in dreadfully low spirits. His creditors were all getting horribly impatient, he had all sorts of writs, and attachments, and judgments, and contempt of courts, and horrors of that kind, out against him; and if they could have put him into two prisons at once, I think they would have done it, for some of them wanted him in Whitecross street, and others wanted him in the Queen's Bench, and it was altogether dreadful."

"Well, papa's only friend of late years had been a very learned gentleman, belonging to a grand legal firm in the city, who had managed all his business matters for him. Now this gentleman had lately died, and his only son, who had succeeded to a very large fortune upon his father's death, was staying with my poor papa when I came home from school."

"I hope you won't think me conceited, Miss Villars, but in order to make my story intelligible, I'm obliged to say that at that time I was considered a very pretty girl. I had been the belle of the school at Miss Florathorne's, and when I went back to Berkshire and mixed in society, people made a tremendous fuss about me. Of course, you know my dear, troubles about money matters, and a wandering life and French dinners, which are too much for a weak digestion, have made a very great difference in me, and I'm not a bit like what I was then. Well, the young lawyer who was staying with papa—I shall not tell you his name, because I consider it very dishonorable to tell the name of a person whom you've jilted, even to a stranger—was very attentive. However, I took no notice of that—though he was very handsome and elegant-looking, and awfully clever—for my heart was true to Frederick, from whom I received the most heartrending letters under cover to Louisa, declaring that, what with the mosquitoes and what with the separation from me, and owing debts of honor to his brother officers, and not clearly seeing his way to pay them, he was often on the verge of committing suicide."

"I had not told papa of my engagement, you must know, my dear, because I felt sure he'd grumble about engaging myself to a penniless ensign—though Fred might have been a marquise, for at that time there were only eleven cousins between him and the title. So one day papa took me out for a drive with him, while Mr.—while the young lawyer was out shooting; and he told me that he was sure, from several things the young lawyer had let drop, that he was desperately in love with me, and that it would be his salvation—papa's—if I would marry him, for he was sure that in that case the young man, who was very generous and noble-minded, would pay his debts—papa's—and then he could go on the continent and end his days in peace."

"Well, my dear Miss Villars, the scene between us was actually heartrending. I told pa that I loved another—I dared not say that I was actually engaged to poor dear Frederick—and pa entreated me to sacrifice what he called a foolish schoolgirl's fancy, and to give some encouragement to a noble-hearted young man, who would no doubt get him out of the most abominable trouble, and would make me an excellent husband."

"And you consented?"

"Yes, my dear, after a great deal of persuasion, and after shedding actually oceans of tears, and in compliance with papa's entreaties, I began to give the young lawyer—I'm obliged to call him the young lawyer, because one is so apt to associate lawyers with gray hair, and grumpiness, and blue bags—a little encouragement, and in about a week's time he made me an offer, and I accepted it, though my heart was still true to Frederick, and I was still corresponding with him under cover of Louisa."

Eleanor looked very grave at this part of the story, and Mrs. Lennard interpreted her companion's serious face as a mute reproach.

"Yes, I know it was very wrong," she exclaimed; "but then, what in goodness' name was I to do, driven to distraction upon one side by pa, driven to distraction upon the other by Fred, who vowed that he would blow out his brains if I didn't write to him by every mail."

"Well, my dear, the young lawyer, whom I shall call in future my affianced husband for short, behaved most nobly. In the first place he bought pa's estate, not that he wanted it, but because pa wanted the money; and then he lent pa enough money, over and above the price of the estate, to settle with all his creditors, and to buy an annuity upon which he could live very comfortably abroad. Of course this was very generous of him, and he made quite light of it, declaring that my love would have repaid him for much greater sacrifices. You know he thought I loved him, and I really did try to love him, and throw over poor Frederick for papa's sake; but the more I tried to throw Frederick over, and the more distant and cold I made my letters, the

more heartrending he became, reminding me of the vows I had uttered in the garden at Bath, and declaring that if I jilted him, his blood should be upon my head. So, what with one thing and another, my life was a burden.

"It took papa some time to settle all his debts, even with the assistance of my affianced husband, but at last everything was arranged, and we started for a continental tour. My affianced husband accompanied us, and the marriage was arranged to take place at Lausanne. I need not say that I was very unhappy all this time; and I felt that I was a very wicked creature, for I was deceiving one of the best of men. Perhaps the worst of all was, that my affianced husband had such perfect confidence in me, that I scarcely think anything I could have said or done—short of what I did at the very last—could have shaken his faith. He talked sometimes of my youth, and my childishness, and my simplicity, until I used to feel a perfect Lucretia Borgia. Ah, Miss Villars, it was dreadful, and I often felt inclined to throw myself at his feet and tell him all about Frederick; but the thought of my poor papa, and the recollection of the money for the estate, which could not be paid back again, sealed my lips, and I went on day after day deceiving the best of men. You see, I'd gone too far to recede, and oh, my dear, that is the awful penalty one always pays for one's wickedness—if you begin by deceiving any one, you're obliged to go on, and on, and on, from one deception to another, until you feel the basest creature in the world.

"At least that's how I felt when all the lovely dresses, and jewels and things that my affianced husband had ordered arrived from Paris. If I could have walked upon gold, Miss Villars, I do think that foolish man—for he was quite foolish about me, though in a general way he was so very clever—would have thought the purest bullion only fit for paving stones under my feet. The silks and satins—satin wasn't *outré* then, you know—would have stood alone if one had wanted them to do so; the lace—well, I won't dwell upon that, because I dare say you think already that I shall never have done talking, and are getting dreadfully tired of this long story."

"No, Mrs. Lennard," Eleanor answered, gravely, "I am very much interested in your story. You cannot tell how deeply it interests me."

The major's wife was only too glad to receive permission to run on. She was one of those people who are never happier than when reciting their own memoirs, or relating remarkable passages in the history of their lives.

"The very eve of the wedding day had arrived," resumed Mrs. Lennard, in a very solemn, and, indeed, almost awful voice, "when the unlooked-for crisis of my destiny came upon me like a thunder-bolt. Pa and my affianced husband had gone out together, and I was alone in one of the apartments which we occupied at Lausanne. It was about an hour before dinner, and I was dressed in one of the silks that had come from Paris, and I was tolerably resigned to my fate, and determined to do my best to make my affianced husband happy, and to prove my gratitude for his goodness to my father. Imagine my horror, then, when I was told that a lady wished to see me—an English lady—and before I could decide whether I was at home or not, in rushed Louisa Lennard, very dusty and tumbled, for she had only just arrived, and of course there was no railway to Lausanne from anywhere, at that time.

"Well, my dear Miss Villars, it seems that Frederick's silence, which I had taken for resignation, was quite the reverse. Louisa had heard of my intended marriage, and had written about it to her brother, and her brother had gone nearly mad, and, being on the eve of obtaining leave of absence on account of his bad health—the climate had knocked him up—contrived to get away from Malta immediately. He and his sister had managed to persuade their rich maiden aunt, who was very fond of Frederick, and who left him all her money the other day, to take them both to Switzerland, and there they were with the rich maiden aunt, who was very much knocked up by the journey, and who had not the least shadow of a suspicion that she had been made a cat's-paw."

"Well, Miss Villars, anybody—even the hardest-hearted of creatures—would have been touched by such devotion as this, and for the moment I forgot all about my affianced husband's generosity, and I gave that enthusiastic Louisa, who really was the moving spirit of everything, a solemn promise that I would see Frederick that night, if only for ten minutes. Of course I didn't tell her that the next day was appointed for my wedding, because I was too much afraid of her anger, as she was devotedly attached to her brother, and had heard my solemn vows in the garden at Bath; but the people at the hotel told her all about it, in their nasty gossiping way; the consequence of which was that when I met Fred in the porch of the cathedral, while papa and my affianced husband were taking their wine after dinner, his goings on were really awful.

"I can never describe that scene. When I look back at it it seems like a dream—all hurry, and noise and confusion. Frederick declared that he had come all the way from Malta to claim me as his bride, and called my affianced husband a baron all covered with jewels and gold, from the ballad of 'Alonso the Brave,' which he had been in the habit of reciting at school. And, poor dear fellow, now that I saw him again, my heart, which had always been true to him, seemed more true to him than ever; and what with Louisa, who was very strong-minded, going on at me, and calling me mercenary and faithless and deceitful, and what with Frederick going down upon his knees in that chilly porch, and getting up suddenly every time the person who showed the cathedral to strangers happened to look our way, I scarcely knew what I said or did, and Frederick extorted from me the promise that I would run away with him and Louisa that very night, and be married to

him as soon as ever we could find anybody that would marry us.

"I can never describe that dreadful night, Miss Villars; suffice it to say that I ran away without a bit of luggage, and that Frederick, Louisa and I performed the most awful journey—almost all by diligence—and were nearly jolted to death between Lausanne and Paris, where Fred, by the help of some English friends, contrived to get the ceremony performed by a Protestant clergyman, at the house of the British Consul, but not without a great deal of difficulty and delay, during which I expected every day that my affianced husband would come tearing after me.

"He did nothing of the kind, however. I heard afterwards from papa that he didn't show the least disposition to pursue me, and he particularly requested that no attempt should be made to prevent my doing exactly as I pleased with regard to Fred. If he had pursued me, Miss Villars, I have no doubt I should have gone back and married him, for I am very weak, and it is my nature to do whatever people wish me to do. But all he did was to walk about very quietly, looking as pale as a ghost for a day or two, and braving out all the ridicule that attached to him because of his bride's running away from him upon the eve of the wedding-day, and then he parted company with papa and went away to Egypt, and went up the Nile, and did all sorts of outlandish things."

"And have you never seen him since?" Eleanor asked anxiously.

"Yes, once," answered Mrs. Lennard, "and that's the most singular part of the story. About three years after my marriage I was in London, and Fred and I were very, very poor, for his aunt hadn't then forgiven him for making a cat's-paw of her at Lausanne, and he had no remittances from her, and nothing but his pay, and an occasional present from Louisa, who married a rich city man soon after our elopement. I had had one baby, a little girl, who was then a year and a half old, and who was christened after Fred's rich aunt, and Fred's regiment was ordered out to India, and I was getting ready to join him at Southampton, and I was very unhappy at having to take my darling out there, for people said the climate would kill her. I was in lodgings in the neighborhood of Euston Square, and I was altogether very wretched, when one evening at dusk, as I was sitting by the fire, with my little girl in my lap, who should walk into the room but the very man I had jilted.

"I gave a scream when I saw him, but he begged me not to be frightened of him; and then I asked him if he had forgiven me. He said he had tried to forgive me. He was very grave and quiet, but though I think he tried to be gentle, there was a sort of suppressed sternness in his manner which made me feel afraid of him. He had not very long returned from the East, he said, and he was very lonely and wretched. He had heard from my father that I was going to India, and that I had a little girl whom I was obliged to take abroad with me for want of the means of providing her with a comfortable home in England. He proposed to me to adopt this little girl, and to bring her up as his own daughter, with my husband's consent.

"He promised to leave her very well off at his death, and to give her a fortune if he lived to see her married. He would be most likely, he said, to leave her all his money; but he made it a condition that neither I nor her father should have any further claim upon her. We were to give her up altogether, and were to be satisfied with hearing of her from time to time, through him.

"I am a lonely man, Mrs. Lennard," he said, "even my wealth is a burden to me. My life is purposeless and empty. I have no incentive to labor—nothing to love or to protect. Let me have your little girl; I shall be a better father to her than your husband can be."

"At first I thought that I could never, never consent to such a thing; but little by little he won me over, in a grave, persuasive way, that convinced me in spite of myself, and I couldn't afford to engage a nurse to go out to Calcutta with me, and I'd advertised for a ayah who wanted to return, and who would go with me for the consideration of her passage money, but there had been no answers to my advertisements; so at last I consented to write to Fred to ask him if he would agree to our parting with the pet. Fred wrote me the shortest of letters by return of post. 'Yes,' he said, 'the child would be an awful nuisance on shipboard, and it will be much better for her to stop in England.' I sent his letter to the lawyer, and the next day he brought a nurse, a respectable elderly person, and fetched away my precious darling."

"You see, Miss Villars, neither Fred nor I had realized the idea that we were parting with her for ever; we only thought of the convenience of getting her a happy home in England for nothing, while we went to be broiled to death's door out in India. But, ah! when years and years passed by and the two babies who were born in India died, I began to grieve dreadfully about my lost pet; and if I hadn't been what some people call frivolous, and if Fred and I hadn't suited each other so exactly, and been somehow or other always happy together in all our troubles, I think I should have broken my heart. But I try to be resigned," concluded Mrs. Lennard, with a profound sigh, "and I hear of my pet once in six months or so, though I never hear from her, and indeed I doubt if she knows she's got such a thing as a mamma in the universe—and I have her portrait, poor darling, and she's very like what I was twenty years ago."

"I know she is," Eleanor answered gravely.

"You know she is! You know her, then?"

"Yes, dear Mrs. Lennard. Very strange things happen in this world, and not the least strange is the circumstance which has brought you and me together. I know your daughter intimately. Her name is Laura, is it not?"

"Yes; Laura Mason Lennard, after Fred's rich aunt, Laura Mason."

"And your maiden name was Margaret Ravenshaw."

"Good gracious me, yes!" cried Mrs. Lennard. "Why you seem to know everything about me."

"I know this much—the man you jilted was Gilbert Monckton, of Toldale Priory."

"Of course! Toldale was poor papa's place till he sold it to Mr. Monckton. Oh, Miss Villars, if you know him, how you must despise me."

"I only wonder that you could—"

Eleanor stopped abruptly; the termination of her speech would not have been very complimentary to the good-tempered major. Mrs. Lennard understood that sudden pause.

"I know what you were going to say, Miss Villars. You were going to say you wondered how I could prefer Fred to Gilbert Monckton, and I'm not a bit offended. I know as well as you do that Mr. Monckton is very, very, very superior to Frederick in intellect, and dignity, and elegance, and all manner of things. But then, you see," added Mrs. Lennard, with a pleading smile, "Fred suited me."

(To be continued.)

THE OLD COUPLE.

The old man sits with folded arms
In his easy-chair to-day;
His happy wife, with crossed palms,
Hums snatches from the olden psalms,
In a cheerful kind of way.

'Tis sweet to see this aged pair,
Who have loved so long and well,
Each other's joys so fondly share,
And every little grief and care
Alike each bosom swell.

'Tis fifty years since they were wed,
Just fifty years to-day.
They have outlived the early dead,
But age has bowed each silvery head;
They soon will pass away.

Well may their dim and faded eyes
Fill up with pearly tears,
As visions of their youth arise,
And memory on its mission flies
Back to those sinless years.

Again they tread the village green
Where in infancy they played,
O'erjoyed at the familiar scene,
Until a shadow comes between,
And joyous visions fade.

Then comes a gleam of later years,
Of friends so tried and true,
Who sympathized in all their fears,
And wiped away their bitter tears,
And made their sorrows few.

"Where are they now?" the old man cries,
"The cherished friends of yore;"
And pointing to the arching skies,
The good wife tearfully replies—
"They are all gone before;

"And soon our march will ended be,
We've nearly reached the shore;
We've sailed upon life's stormy sea
For nearly fourscore years and three;
Our journey's almost o'er."

THE IDLER ABOUT TOWN.

WE must now consider that the New York season has fairly commenced, for not only are all the popular places of amusement opened, but indications are already given of several large fashionable parties. It is agreed on all hands that the coming season will be the most brilliant that New York has ever seen; that the wealth which has been so easily gained will flow like water, and that luxury will find its limits in the struggle to excel extravagance by greater extravagance. Well, we do not object, as we shall not be ruined by it, for our capital is invested in mansions in the sky, and we are not likely to give many parties up there. We understand that the subscription list for the first night of the opera far exceeds that of any season since the house was built. There has been an immense competition for the best seats and boxes; for the choice places the most fabulous prices were offered, but the subscribers and the regular habitués of the opera were too sharp for the *nouveaux riches*, who had to take the best that were left as the *demerit resort*. Luckily this will make the house more brilliant, so that the audience of itself will be a great attraction, and everybody will go to see everybody else. The opening night is next Monday, Oct 5, and the opera, Donizetti's "Roberto Devereux." The cast is very strong, comprising the best artists of the company. Madame Medori personates Queen Elizabeth, whose passionate characteristics will give ample scope to her fine dramatic abilities; Mazzolini will be the Lord Essex; Sulzer the Lady Nottingham, and Bellini the Duke of Nottingham. We anticipate a superb performance, for Mr. Retzke has got his house in perfect order and is determined to excel all his previous efforts.

Mr. Anschutz was desirous to let his New York patrons have the first hearing of his new and excellent artists, but he could not procure a theatre suitable for his purpose. He will give one performance at Brooklyn Acad. on Thursday, October 1st, previous to his departure for the provinces.

We regret to say that the serious illness of Mr. Gottschalk's brother will necessitate the postponement of the Gottschalks' concert announced for next week at Irving Hall. His unremitting attention to his brother has utterly wearied him out, so that Dr. Gottschalk is hardly in a fit state to do himself justice. We will keep our readers au courant with his movements.

Mr. S. B. Mills, the celebrated pianist, who has but few equals as a concert player in the world, proposes to give a series of pianoforte recitals at Dod-

worth's Saloon in Broadway. The first of the series will be given, we believe, on the 10th. inst. The programme is not only interesting but admirable. The various styles of the most admired masters will be interpreted, and we need hardly say that they will receive ample justice at the hands of Mr. Mills. These recitals should attract all the amateur pianists in the city.

There are thousands in the city and the suburbs who will be rejoiced to know that Wallack's Theatre will be opened for the regular season this week. The house has been rebuilt, and will present a more brilliant appearance than ever, and all the costumes and scenery will be new. The company comprises many of the old favorites and many new candidates for public favor. They are as follows: Lester Wallack, John Gilbert, Mark Smith, C. Fisher, George Holland, J. Sefton, Young, W. E. Floyd, Daly, Norton, Moore, Pope, Browne, Williamson, Parkes and Palmer, Miss Hooey, Miss Mary Gannon, Mrs. Vernon, Miss Morant, Miss Ione Burke, Mr. John Sefton, Miss Henriques, Miss Jennings, Miss Barrett, and Miss Green. We regret one change greatly namely, the substitution of Mr. Mollenhauer for Robert Stoepl, who has been a part and parcel of Wallack's Theatre since its opening. He is so able a leader and so thorough a musician that it will be hard to make the audience believe that any one can supply his place. Mr. Mollenhauer is an able leader and an admirable violinist, and is probably the most competent man to fill the position vacated by Robert Stoepl. The opening piece will be a new drama adapted by Lester Wallack. It is said to be an elegant and deeply interesting piece.

The announcement of the appearance of Mdlle. Vestvali in an English drama created quite an excitement in theatrical circles. Much was expected of her, for all remembered her superb personation of the Gipsy Anzucca in "Il Trovatore." Only one doubt remained to be settled by her performance, and that was whether or not she had overcome the difficulties of the English pronunciation. We shall be unable to settle this question until our next issue, as the first appearance of Mdlle. Vestvali does not take place until after we go to press.

Mr. Booth has drawn large and brilliant audiences to witness his fine personation of Hamlet during the whole of last week. We noticed his fine and appropriate rendering of that character in our last, and have nothing to add to the encomiums we then recorded. Mr. Booth undertakes the arduous character of Othello this week.

We have, in our experience of the American and English stage, known but one Lear worthy of being compared with that of Edwin Forrest, and that was the Lear of the elder Kean. Yet we are candidly compelled to give our preference to the first-named of these two great artists in this part. It is so strongly marked with that grand but terrible earnestness which is the essence of the sublime, yet is, at the same time, so complete and minute in its finish, that it now stands alone; and we seriously doubt whether, should it perchance be equalled, it can ever be surpassed. As a pictorial rendering in the flesh of the very spirit of Gothic poetry, its savage earnestness, its deep tenderness, its knowledge, its humanity and its passion, it is worthy the study of the most acute intellect—aye, and of a reverent study, too, for its wonderful thoroughness and the terrible exhaustiveness of the power which the artist develops in it. Three points are there which are each of them, alone, the most consummate evidences of Mr. Forrest's completeness as an artist. The first of these is his malediction upon Goneril, at the close of the first act; the second is his mad scene upon the heath, in which he was very admirably supported by Mr. McCullough as Edgar; and the last was his final scene with the dead body of Cordelia in his arms. The curse was awfully grand—a scathing and blighting curse, torn from the lips of the self-dethroned British King, as if by an overpowering passion. We have seen and heard nothing in modern art which is worthy of being named with it for savage truth. While under its influence we ourselves cower, and realize the artist's magnetic power over over his hearers. The mad scene is even more remarkable in its wonderfully minute study. This we most decidedly class far above Kean's. No man who had not studied upon lunacy itself could thus translate madness. But to our mind the most beautiful—yes, and the truest, where all is so true—scene in the whole drama, is that in which he brings upon the stage the form of the dead Cordelia. It is useless to talk of or discuss the question, but no man whose heart is not full of tenderness could so exhaust tenderness in his impersonation of it by mere strength of intelligence. It is the heart that is speaking, although in simulated passion, and we can but pity him who is unable to see and feel it, denying the nature of the man, while he admits the genius of the artist. The Cordelia of Mrs. Allen was exquisite, and the Goneril of Madame Ponsi was a worthy pendant to the Gothic earnestness and powerful yet touching reality of the Lear of Edwin Forrest.

They have rechristened Laura Keane's Theatre. It is now called the Olympic, a name which will call up a thousand pleasant recollections of the past, when New York was not quite so rich in first-class theatres as it is at present. Mrs. Wood will open her season with a first-rate company, Mr. Wolcott, sen., being the stage manager.

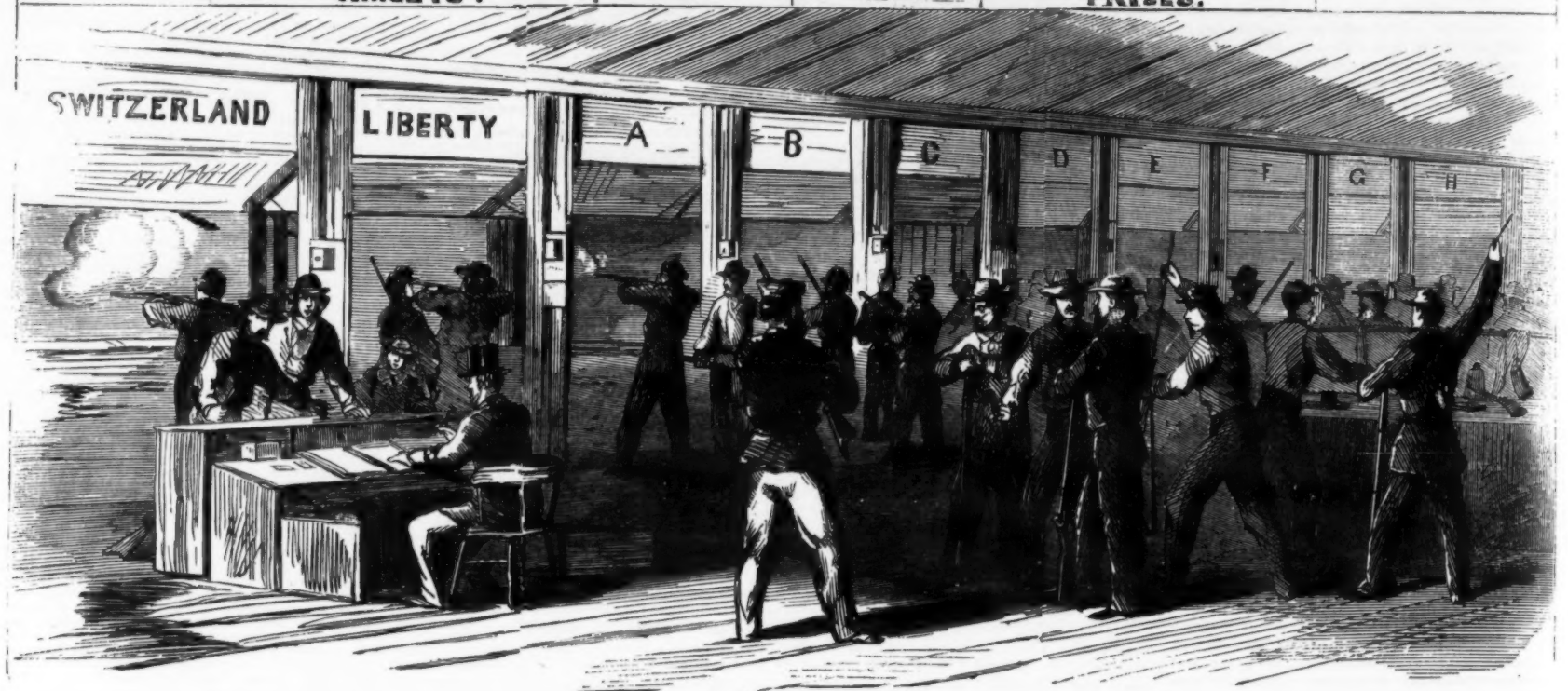
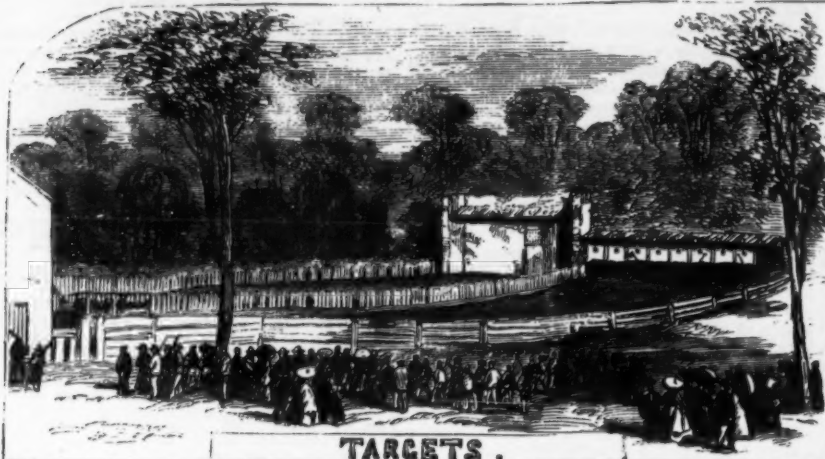
Mr. Barum has made a great success as his Ghost, which is, in fact, a very remarkable spirit, and possesses wonderful attractions for the thousand visitors of Museum, "Edrick the Dane," in which the Ghost appears, is a thrilling drama, and is played in the Lecture room every afternoon and evening. The engagement of the Sioux Indians has been prolonged, and they go through their interesting performances both day and evening. They are well worth seeing, in connection with the thousands of other remarkable curiosities.

CHINESE WITNESSES.—In the towns and at the goldfields of Victoria no cause would now look complete without a few Chinese names in it. Their powers of giving evidence are as amazing as is their fastidiousness as to the fashion in which they are sworn. Some of them in the witness-box blow out a lucifer-matto; some burn a strip of yellow paper with Chinese characters inscribed thereon; and one, on his hearing, at Barrat, refused to be sworn at all but upon the ceremony of chopping off the head of a cock at one blow. In vain was the witness tempted with lucifer, wax candle, china saucer and every other article at once handy and deemed likely to bear on the Chinese conscience. He was inexorable, and as his evidence was important, and poultry was at that time scarce in the township, the court, jury and practicers were kept waiting while messengers scoured right and left for the necessary victim. On the cock being brought into court, emitting the cluck of terror whenever he coolly disengaged his beak from the head of the rooster or nervous Irish police man, even judicial gravity was sorely tried and yet it was not all. A second commission to become sworn, very to go in quest of a chicken, common pocket-knives being of no use, as "the one blow" was fully explained by the interpreter as being an indispensable that cock after cock must be offered up if there were any failure in this particular. The cooing was at last renewed, the cock satisfactorily beheaded, and the Chinaman's conscience was eased, whereupon, so exhausted was the witness's virtue by its preliminary effort, that he burst at once into a paroxysm of perjury, which satisfied all that he was not really so particular in the substance of his evidence as he had been in the form of his oath.

At a spiritual meeting a short time since Bala was called up and asked if there were any jacks in his sphere?

"No," replied he, indignantly, "they are all on the earth."

The celebrated Dr. Bentley, of Salem, was noted for his pertinacity in refusing to exchange with his brethren. Having been asked his reason, he said that "he wasn't going to have any strange bogger-rooting round in his sty."



THE SWISS SHOOTING FESTIVAL AT JONES'S WOOD, NEW YORK, SEPT. 16 TO 21.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



A SOUTHERN CARICATURE—"GENERALS WHEELER AND WHARTON FALLING SLOWLY BACK, CONTENDING EVERY FOOT OF THE WAY."—FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER IN BRAGG'S ARMY.



DANIEL E. HANDMANN, THE TRAGEDIAN.



GENERAL COOPER, ADJUTANT-GENERAL OF THE REBEL ARMY.

DESTRUCTION OF THE OLD SERAGLIO AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

FIRES are no novelties in Constantinople, and we should seldom deem them worthy of illustration; but now the destructive element has wrapped in its deadly embrace and reduced to ashes one of the most unique and characteristic architectural features on the south side of the Golden Horn, and at the same time one of the most strikingly interesting historical monuments of the Turkish capital. It took fire on

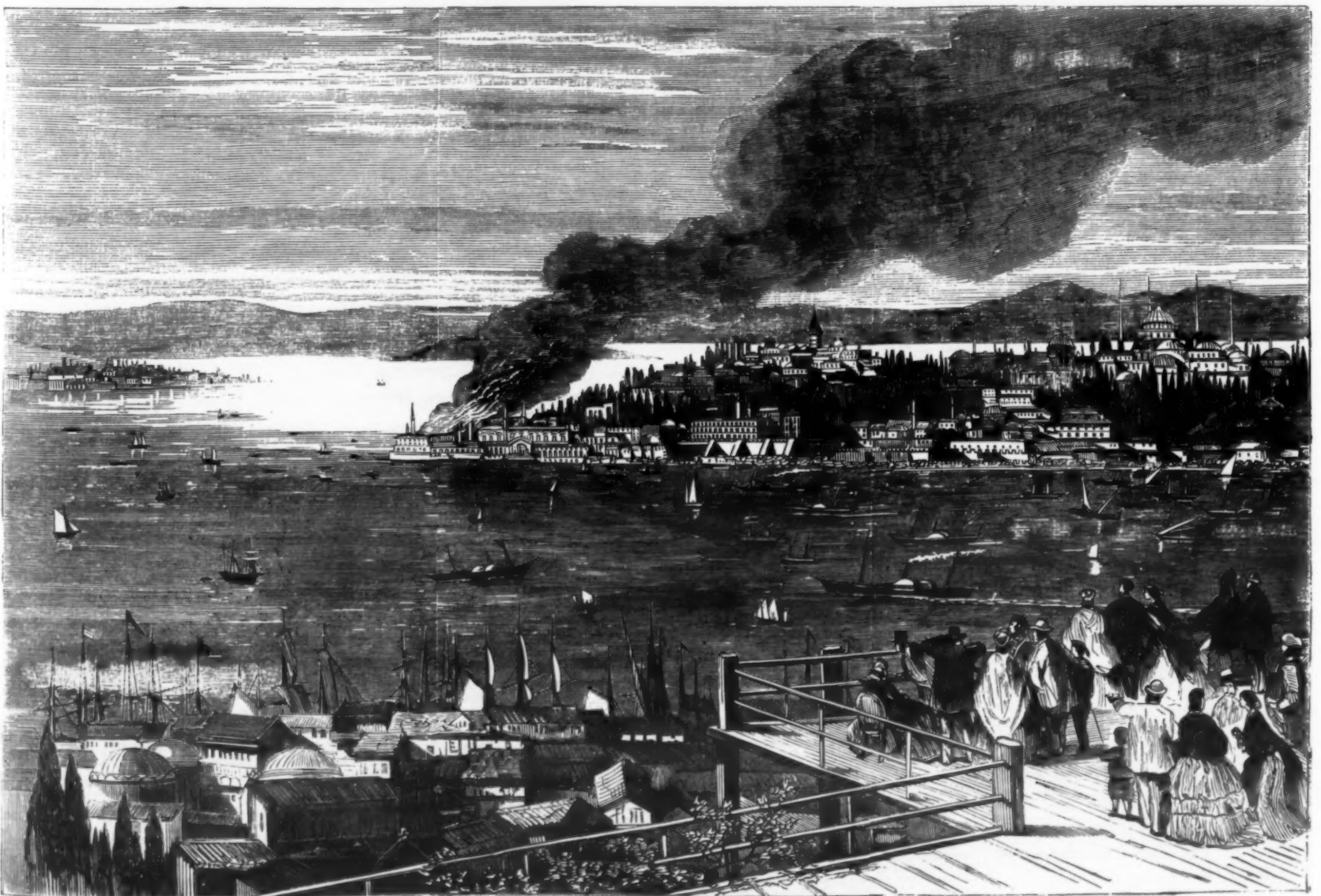
Monday, Aug. 10, at the southern extremity, and in less than an hour was in ruins, the resources of the Turkish fire department being insufficient to save the mass, which successively caught fire from sparks or from the rows of cypress trees which formed a pathway of fire.

The site of the old building thus destroyed is one of the most historic in Stamboul. In the earliest Byzantine days it was covered by the Acropolis of the new Eastern capital; later by the palace of the Empress Placidia; later still by another and grander imperial residence, reared by Justinian, on the ruins of which

other palaces were successively built till Mahomet II. erected that of which the structure destroyed was the last of many restorations. In this actual building took place the assassinations of Sultan Selim III. and Mustapha IV., and from it issued the successive edicts which crushed the Wahabees, annihilated the Janissaries, and inaugurated the other acts of vigor which illustrated the reign of Mahmoud. On the completion of the new palace of Dolma-baktche, the late Sultan removed to the latter residence, and the old building sunk into a retreat for the surviving members of his father's harem. On the death of Abdul Medjid, the ladies of his establishment were installed in their stead. These consisted of four

kadin effendis (or wives) and about 300 other females of lower harem rank.

The fire is said to have originated in a small private kitchen attached to the suite of apartments occupied by the fourth *kadin*, who had barely time to hasten to the adjoining rooms and urge immediate flight, before the flames spread from her own chamber to those of the other ladies. The whole of these, as also the other women, eunuchs and servants, managed to effect their retreat into the outer front court. Efforts were made to save some portions of the costly wardrobes, jewels and furniture thus hastily abandoned, but with hardly any success. The whole may be said to have fallen a prey to the flames. Happily, the o



DESTRUCTION OF THE OLD SERAGLIO AT CONSTANTINOPLE, AUG. 10.

jewelled arms and other precious antiquities, which visitors to this historic treasure-house will remember, were removed some months ago to Yemi-klost, a modern stone building on the crown of the hill behind, which has escaped the general ruin; and there they and the silver-plated throne which does duty at Balam under the "Beautiful Gate"—nearer still to St. Sophia—still safely repose.

"That's a fine strain," said one gentleman to another, alluding to the tones of a singer at a concert the other evening.

"Yes," said a countryman who sat near; "but if he strains much more he'll bust."

A Western paper says that an Arkansas cavalry Colonel mounts men by the following order: First order—"Prepare for target onto yer creeters." Second order—"Git!"

"No one should indulge in such horrid anticipations," as the henpecked husband said when the parson told him that he would be joined to his wife in another world, never to separate from her. "Parson," said he, "I beg you won't mention the circumstance again."

The young lady who was perfectly thunderstruck at hearing of her friend's engagement has since been provided with a lightning conductor, or a conductor on a lightning express, which is the same thing.

Ready simultaneously with the
LONDON EDITION.

Eleanor's Victory,

THE
NEW NOVEL

BY
MISS M. E. BRADDON.

Price 25 cents. A large discount to the Trade.

FRANK LESLIE,

72 Duane Street, N. Y.

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Ice Cream Saloon and Confectionery,

555 BROADWAY.

Ladies and Gentlemen will find this the most CENTRAL, CONVENIENT AND QUIET place of refreshment in the city. All the DELICACIES AND SUBSTANTIALS of the market are served in a neat and inviting style, and at moderate prices.

ICE CREAM of the best quality served to families at 50 cents a quart.
ITALIAN ICE CREAM, a new and delicious article, served daily. 419-31

Oscanyan's Oriental Album.

This unique and interesting collection of 23 splendid Photographic Portraits of Oriental Men and Women, taken from life, in both in-door and out-door costumes, being illustrations of my lectures, is now ready for sale; price only \$3.

Any person, by enclosing me \$3, will receive the ALBUM, postage free.
Dealers will be supplied at the usual discount.
These pictures have received the award of a SILVER MEDAL from the American Institute.

C. OSCANYAN, 37 Lafayette Place, N. Y.
N. B.—Any paper which will publish this notice six times will receive a copy of the Album gratis. 419

A VOICE FROM THE ARMY!

A CRY FROM WASHINGTON!

Volunteers, Attention!

WIVES,

MOTHERS

AND

SISTERS,

Whose Husbands, Sons and Brothers are serving in the Army, cannot put into their knapsacks a more necessary or valuable gift than a few boxes of

HOLLOWAY'S

PILLS AND OINTMENT.

They insure health even under the exposure of a Soldier's life.

Only 25 Cents a Box or Pot.

SOLDIERS SPECIAL NOTICE!

Do your duty to yourselves!

Protect your Health!

Read the following, just received this day from Washington:

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR SIR—I avail myself of this opportunity to express my gratitude for your kindness in being so prompt in sending me your valuable Pills and Ointment. Hundreds of poor soldiers have been made comfortable and well by the use of your medicines, and they all can testify to their healing powers and capability of giving instant relief. It has, within my own observation, saved many a poor soldier from long sickness and much suffering.

Yours truly,

D. G. VOSE, Washington, D. C.

August 24, 1863.
419-19

For Sale.—Persons in ill health—See advertisement of VINELAND. 416-19

JUST READY.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S

NEW SHAKESPEARE!

FRANK LESLIE'S

BUDGET OF FUN,

FOR NOVEMBER,

Contains the following splendid Comic Illustrations:

Uncle Sam's American Hotel; The Monroe Doctrine Triumphant; Uncle Sam sending in his Bill to John Bull; How he pays himself; A Peep into the Future; A display of Crinoline; besides numerous other admirable hits at the times. In addition to these splendid caricatures it contains the best Original Comic Literature of the day—Lincoln's New Shakespeare—Billy Seward's Circular—Lady Audley's Secret—Grand Burlesque Romance of the Imperial Villain—and the first three chapters of the greatest Romance ever written, called "The Paragraph Family, their Sayings and Doings," in which every phase of Female Tantrums is revealed, with original illustrations. Price 10 cents.

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The Branch Offices are well supplied with Silk Twist, Thread, Needles, Oil, etc., of the very best quality.
Send for a Pamphlet.

THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
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DR. FELIX GOURAUD'S

Italian Medicated Soap

The annals of Modern Science are blazoned with no prouder record than the world-renowned discoveries with which DR. FELIX GOURAUD has enriched their pages; foremost among which stands the delicious beautifier to which he has given the name of ITALIAN MEDICATED SOAP. Language is powerless to set forth one title of its wonderful properties. But the high meed of public approbation has so decidedly and unchangeably stamped the superiority of this remarkable Soap, that to doubt its efficacy in the cure of TAN, FRECKLES, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, ERUPTIONS, CHAPS, CHAFES, CRACKS, TETTER, SALT RHEUM, MOTH, RINGWORM, SCALD HEAD, BARBER'S ITCH, WORMS IN THE SKIN, ERYSIPELAS, PUSTULES, SCROFULA, ECZEMA, OBSTINATE OLD SORES, and other cutaneous disfigurements, is to imply a doubt of the existence of truth itself! But it is not alone the power it possesses in restoring to an erupive and discolored skin its pristine health and beauty, to which we now advert; it has other and still more delightful qualities. It is, for instance, so remarkably a detergent, that, let the hands be ever so thoroughly begrimed with dirt, or ingrained with stains, this Soap, with the potency of magic, searches the minutest pores of the skin, and instantly removes every particle of filth and discoloration, imparting to the roughest and hardest cuticle a clearness, whiteness and softness as voluptuous and enviable as that which graces "a fair young child." It is consequently not at all an uncommon thing now-a-days for mechanics, by the use of GOURAUD'S SOAP, to display a delicate, soft white hand in the presence of their "lady loves."

GOURAUD'S POUDRE SUBTILE positively uproots hair from low foreheads or any part of the body, warranted.
Found at GOURAUD'S NEW AND SPLENDID ESTABLISHMENT, 453 BROADWAY, near Grand Street, removed from the old depot, 67 Walker Street, Established Anno Domini 1839. 419

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Press No. 5, 13x15 in., 30—Office Complete, 100
Circular sent free. Sheets of Type, Cuts, etc., 6 cents.

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Price, per dozen..... \$8 00.

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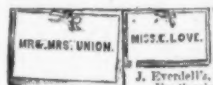
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Sent by mail or express, prepaid.

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French Note Paper, Seals and Presses, Silver Plates, etc., at J. Everdell's, 202 Broadway, cor. Duane St. For Specimens by mail, send 25 cents.

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We have furnished our Rifles as follows:

To State of Kentucky, 1,366; to State of Indiana, 760; to Gen. Ripley, Chief of Ordnance, 150; to Col. Collins, 11th O. V. C., 220; to many independent companies; to military officers and citizens too numerous to mention. 5 1/2 lbs., 24 in., 44 cal.

415-27

B. KITLEDGE & CO.,

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\$60 A MONTH! We want Agents at \$60 a month, expenses paid, to sell our Everlasting Pencils, Oriental Burners, and 13 other articles. 15 Circulars free. SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Me. 417-29



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CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS.—MUSHROOM IMITATIONS.—Success is the "prevalent craze" of innumerable humbugs. No sooner had HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS made their mark in the world, than up sprang a host of imitations, and as the fame of the great restorative grew and spread, the pestiferous crop of poisonous mockeries thickened. But the true medicine has lived them down. One by one they have disappeared. When the bellows of puffery, which kept alive the feeble fire of their borrowed reputation, ceased to blow, they ceased to live, and thus they continue to come and go. Meanwhile, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS, the great protective and remedial tonic of the age, have progressed in popularity with each succeeding year. Their success as a means of preventing and curing the diseases resulting from malaria, unwholesome water and all unhealthy climatic influences, has been boundless; and as a remedy for dyspepsia, liver complaint, fever and ague, general weakness and debility, and all complaints originating in indigestion, they are now admitted to be superior to any other preparation ever advertised or prescribed. From the home market, to which a few years ago they were confined, their sale has been extended into every State in this Union, over the whole of South and Central America, Mexico, the West Indies, the Sandwich Islands, Australia, China and Japan. Home and foreign testimony continue to show that HOSTETTER'S BITTERS are the most remarkable tonic and invigorant now before the world.

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Highly Important to Old Soldiers, Conscripts and Substitutes just going into Camp. The greatest Humbug of the age. Send 25 cents to OLD SOLDIER, Box 2588, P. O., New York city, and obtain valuable information. 419

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Solid Silver, \$1.

Solid Silver, \$1.



Solid 18 k gold, \$3 50.

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1st Division, Enameled, Red; 2d Division, White; 3d Division, Enameled, Blue.

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Are offering the cheapest, most accurate, durable and saleable watches in the American market. They are the sole consignees in this country for the celebrated

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One of the prettiest, most convenient, and decidedly the best and cheapest timepieces for general and reliable use ever offered. It has within it, and connected with its machinery, its own winding attachment, rendering a key entirely unnecessary. The cases of this Watch are composed of two metals, the outer one being fine 16-carat gold. It has the improved ruby-action lever movement, and is warranted an accurate timepiece. Price, superbly engraved, per case of half dozen, \$24. Sample Watches, in neat morocco boxes, \$35. By mail the postage is 30 cents; registering, 20 cents.

COMPOSITE**Silver Watches!****FIRST-CLASS HUNTING TIMEPIECE.**

FOR ACCURACY OF MOVEMENT, BEAUTY OF MATERIAL, AND, ABOVE ALL, CHEAPNESS IN PRICE, THESE WATCHES MUST INSURE

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An imitation so faultless that it can hardly be detected from the solid material by the most experienced judges. The material being alike all through, it cannot be recognized by cutting or heavy engraving, making it not only in appearance, but in durability, the best resemblance of **SOLID STERLING SILVER** in existence.

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Our importations are novelties produced by no other house, combining greater accuracy as timekeepers, being more elaborately and artistically finished, and offered at prices challenging competition from all other hands.

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Fac-simile of Gold Pen and Extension Case and Pencil, Manufactured by S. M. WARD & Co.

**50,000 Agents Wanted!****Rare Opportunity!****75,000 WATCHES, GOLD PENS AND PENCILS,**

Vest, Guard and Neck Chains, Chateaine Chains and Pins, Engraved Bracelets, Engraved Spring Locketts, Seal Stone Rings, California Rings, Chased Rings, Masonic Rings and Pins, Gents' California Diamond Pins, California Diamond Ear Drops, Beautiful Sets of Jewellery, New Styles Studs and Buttons, etc., etc., etc.,

WORTH \$400,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

In all transactions by mail we shall charge for doing the business 25 cents each, which must be enclosed when the request is made to know what you can have. After knowing what you can have, then it will be at your option to send one dollar, take the article or not.

Five articles can be ordered for \$1—eleven for \$2—thirty for \$5—sixty-five for \$10—and one hundred for \$15. With the information of what you can have will be sent a Circular giving full instructions to Agents and a full Catalogue of articles, and then it will be at your option to send and get the article or not.

Also, for \$1 I will send a solid Silver Shield or either Army Corps Pin, with your Name, Regiment and Company handsomely engraved upon it, or a Kearney Cross in Fine Gold Plate; and for 50 cents I will send a New Style Union League Pin in Fine Gold Plate. Address

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A Treatise on the above subject, the cause of Nervous Debility, Marasmus and Consumption; Wasting of the Vital Fluids, the mysterious and hidden causes for Palpitation, Impaired Nutrition and Digestion.

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The Great Money-Making Article. Everybody needs it. Agents or Soldiers can make \$10 a day. Sample, with particulars, sent free by mail, for 25 cents. Address

E. H. MARTIN, Himsdale, N. H.

PINKIE & LYON**SEWING MACHINE CO.**

Produce the best Family Sewing Machine in use—simple in construction—durable in all its parts—readily understood without instruction—certain of stitch on every kind of fabric—adapted to wide range of work without change or adjustment—needle straight—tension positive—and no taking apart machine to clean or oil.

These are peculiar facts, and will determine the choice of every purchaser having the opportunity of knowing them.

Please call and examine, or send for a Circular. Agents wanted.

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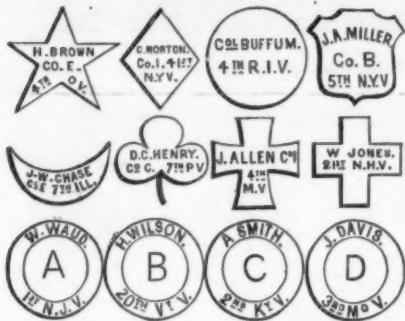
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